Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

VOLUME 238 NOVEMBER, 1934 NUMBER 5

Apéritif

Third Alternatives

THERE was a day, presumably, when only two alternatives existed. At least that was what we were taught in school. And in a few cases the knowledge has stuck. Voices can still be heard crying in the wilderness that there are no more than two alternatives. But they sound remote and other-worldly, like Al Smith and Mr. Hoover, for we can nearly always find a third alternative —sometimes a fourth and a fifth and any further number that seem necessary or convenient. The Romans with their precise grammar are long dead, Mussolini to the contrary notwithstanding.

Morality and immorality, for instance, were once a highly exclusive pair of alternatives. You had a freedom of choice, of course, but kissing your wife on Sunday could blacken your character as thoroughly as being included today in the favored list of an investment banking house. Gambling was considered a vice and so frowned upon that it became not only illegal to bet on the outcome of an election but also grounds for disqualification from further voting. (It remains so to this day in those liberal and progressive commonwealths, New York and Wisconsin, not to mention Florida.) The things that should be done by a moral man were rigidly circumscribed; hence it was assumed that the immoral category was almost infinitely flexible. Whatever new came along had to bear the burden of proof that it was moral.

But as new things came along with greater and greater rapidity, and each one was first labeled immoral, the immoral category became altogether too attractive for the competition of the moral. Moreover, many of the originally poor Puritans had become rich and found a way to clothe their wealth with such respectability that poverty seemed almost immoral. Naturally, with the wealth to enjoy new things, but the aura of the old rigid moral classifications about them, they had to move cautiously. What resulted was a third alternative: a classification of things neither moral nor immoral, but more fittingly used by the wealthy, who were respectable. Dancing, card-playing, ostentatious dress and a number of other minor vices which were horrifications to their ancestors fell into this grouping.

The crystallization of our politics

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into the two-party system was a natural outcome of our forefathers' excellent Latinity. However various and conflicting the issues might be it seemed best to tackle them as a Democrat or a Republican and damn the other party black. Politics being the most conservative of our arts, its alternatives have been exceedingly hard to multiply. It is possible even in this day to find a Carter Glass and a Rexford Guy Tugwell under the same enveloping party banner. But third parties have risen, and fallen of course, and in the case of one Roosevelt, at least, made a national impression. The latest Roosevelt, too, is reported to have a worried eye on the West where Farmer-Laborites and Progressives toil mightily to give the citizen a third choice of importance on his 1936 ballot.

And whereas once to be a Republican was to subscribe heartily to the principles of Hamilton, or a Democrat to those of Jefferson, it is now possible to find a hodge-podge of either or neither or both in each of the parties' policies, if not so apparently in their platforms. Democracy and Republicanism were once issues. The Democrats fought centralization and their opponents won. Now the Democrats have captured that centralization at its zenith and the Republicans are helpless, robbed of a philosophy and jobless to boot. The Democrats rub salt into their wounds by declaring that this vastly more powerful central government than any Hamilton dreamed of is really a means of restoring democracy to the people, and in the economic sphere where they need it most. The Republicans answer with a wail of "regimentation" and a plea for return to the "American principles" of individual liberty and initiative, which the Democrats in their turn set down as a plea for liberty to starve. The Republicans strive to make it a duel between capitalism and Communism, with themselves on the side of the angels, naturally. This is instinctive, the heritage of their forefathers' training in Latinate derivatives, but the Democrats are more in line with modern trends. They maintain that the New Deal is not Communism, or Fascism, toward either of which they claim the Republicans were dangerously leading us in their long term of power, but a third alternative—controlled capitalism, a planned economy: they have not yet agreed upon a name, possibly because it is so hard to determine what they are naming.

And out of this resounding controversy comes an issue probably much more important, another classical dualism: nationalism as opposed to internationalism. If we are to have a planned economy, can it include foreign trade? Do we want it to include foreign trade? If we want it to include foreign trade, does that mean two-way trade or merely hopeless loans to pay for exports? Are we willing to admit foreign competition? Can our industries withstand it? Is there a possibility of choice in the matter with the rest of the world so well regimented already? These are only a few of the questions raised. Secretary Wallace said that America must choose between nationalism and admitting foreign competition, but there was a third alternative, inevitably. This must be the course we are following. It has no ascertainable name.

II

Then there is the question of money. Since economists first put their mighty minds to work it has been assumed that there were only two true classifications

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for money: sound money and fiat money. Over the centuries currency was gradually diluted as money-lenders discovered the safety and advantage of increasing the circulation of paper promises to pay beyond the total of gold and silver which was supposed to be back of them. Yet economists went on insisting that only money which was backed by (diminishing percentages of) metal was sound, and all other fiat. Fiat money, of course, was presumed to be bad indeed, and to have the necromantic power of forcing sound money out of circulation, but just where the dividing line between the two should be was almost impossible to say. A legal forty per cent cover might be more than ample at one time and lead to a national bank holiday at another.

At any rate, despite a certain amount of obscurity about the exact nature of these alternatives it was at least assumed that there were no others, and this led to a comfortable feeling among the populace, who in the direst hard times could be made proud by assurance from on high that the country's money was still sound. But, as in other spheres, rebellious spirits set about thinking up new alternatives. At the present time such efforts have succeeded so well that very few countries in the whole world permit the use of metal for currency in any but international transactions. In this country gold and silver have become "nationalized" and so far as the citizen is concerned he may never be allowed to touch the metal which is presumed to give value to his currency. The Government, by promulgation, or fiat, sets whatever valuation upon it that strikes its fancy; and the curious fact is that the valuation is accepted pretty generally in other countries, but prices within our own borders change, when they do, apparently for other reasons, such as manipulation of supply or weather conditions. There is a growing body of thought that metal backing for money is impractical because the metal itself changes in value too widely for stability. The sound money advocates tend defensively to argue that, despite the instability of metal values, it is necessary to have a symbol because the masses are not sufficiently intelligent to understand and accept a "commodity dollar" or "ticket money." The Social Creditors petulantly insist that the total physical and mental assets of a nation are its best currency backing, and down with the gold-minded bankers. Reflationists believe in metal but also believe in manipulating its value consciously for social purposes. And there are a thousand other alternatives among which to choose, if the confusion does not send you to a desert isle where money is as useless as it is incomprehensible and hence no fit subject for human contemplation.

Perhaps the most humorous case of a third alternative is that of birth control. In recent decades the controversy over this delicate subject has been as loud, bitter, prolonged and apparently insoluble as any the world has known. Churches, governments and many other self-constituted guardians of the public morality have railed, commanded, pleaded, scolded, argued and even reasoned with a stubborn populace which quietly absorbed all the information it could get and put it into practice despite everything its well-meaning Cassandras could do—in many cases, no doubt, because of what the Cassandras had done, since the noise of their warnings was certain to attract attention that might otherwise have strayed.

The governments of militaristic na-

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tions have seen the production of their prospective cannon fodder steadily being reduced, despite every reward they could offer for increases and despite every attempt they made to check the spread of information and devices. The churches, particularly the Roman Catholic, seeing the course of events as both a blow at their future enrolments and a blow at their ethical and religious structures, have fought even more desperately, but with no greater success —less if anything. There were just two alternatives: you could attempt to practise birth control or you could have none of it, citing chapter and verse of a thousand high-minded authorities for either course.

With the prestige of churches slowly declining everywhere for many reasons, this question prominent among them, some way out of the dilemma has been anxiously sought for years. And with the characteristic strangeness of our times it suddenly seems to have popped up, quite without help from ecclesiastics or government officials. A Japanese and an Austrian doctor announced in 1930 a "natural" birth control method which has since been widely publicized and apparently tested with success. Lately the churches have taken to endorsing the method. It is a third alternative meeting most purely religious objections and yet not preventing modern families from limiting their progeny. Of course Mussolini and Hitler can not be satisfied, but perhaps soon a fourth alternative will be found enabling cannon fodder to be produced without the bother and expense of child-bearing.

Several years ago Struthers Burt commented in this magazine on the state of the fiction-writer's trade, observing that what was left for the serious novelist in the way of plot material consisted mainly in human decisions. The point was well taken and apparently the world has come to the story-teller's aid by providing a host of new possibilities for deciding. Alternatives blossom like wild flowers, covering the waste places of the earth. Indeed, it is only in long-settled areas such as rock-ribbed Vermont or the silk-stocking district of New York that they are limited to a traditional dualism. There you can have inflation or stability, but no reflation; individualism or Communism, but no New Deal; good things and bad things, but nothing indeterminate. Elsewhere, and particularly in places where poverty is the rule, alternatives are multiplying at a tremendous rate.

The only generalized objection to this trend available is that too many alternatives might have the same effect as too many cooks: namely, spoiling the soup. Hard as it always has been for people to make a decision involving only two choices, what can we expect if the choices are increased to three, four or some higher number? We can, obviously, expect just what we are now experiencing: a great deal of confusion. But pointing out the fact does nothing to alter it, and it seems more than likely that we shall continue to flounder in a sea of third alternatives for a long time to come.

Poor Mrs. Shelley

Considering the popularity a year or two ago of the movie made from Mrs. Shelley's celebrated novel, one might have predicted that metaphor-users would finally be able to straighten out in their minds the identities of its chief characters, without the painful neces-

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sity of reading. But it would have been a vain prediction.

The Frankenstein figure of speech has been a particular favorite with the numerous and increasing opponents of the NRA. A letter to the *Times* dated October 2, for instance, has this passage: "In the herculean effort to keep it [the NRA] alive it has become a ponderous, confused Frankenstein that has throttled the very purpose for which it was created." While the scientific skill which Mrs. Shelley bestowed on her hero might have enabled him somehow to throttle a purpose, difficult feat though that would be, it is inconceivable that he could have changed himself into the monster he created.

Still, there were times when Frankenstein hated the monster he had created and it is something like that which has happened in the case of the NRA. If John T. Flynn and others are to be believed, the NRA was set up in large part to satisfy demands of certain business men, who believed that the anti-trust laws were interfering disastrously with business and sought a way to evade them. Cut-throat competition and its attendant evils, low wages, child labor and sweat shops, were to be ended and thereupon business would go forward in leaps and bounds. So the business men wrote their codes, with a certain amount of strongly resented interference from the Government. But business refused to go forward in leaps and bounds. In fact it edged backward. Frankenstein failed to fashion a proper brain or soul for his monster and it got out of hand. It seems barely possible that the numerous business Frankensteins who put together the tissues and muscles and nervous system of the NRA made a similar omission. Now they are engaged in calling it names and frantically trying to destroy it before it destroys them. But if the Administration propaganda department wanted to make a little sly capital out of their discomfiture it could point out what names they are calling it.

W. A. D.

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Is Fascism a Capitalist Product?

By Bernard Lande Cohen

Who denies the frequent statement that capitalism is essentially responsible for the contemporary growth of dictatorships

To the many complaints against capitalism has been added the further charge of instigating the Fascist movement. The belief that Fascism is a new philosophy and a new theory of government is largely to blame for this confusion of thought. Despite the novelty of its name, Fascism is really an ancient system come to life in somewhat altered form. There is in human history, as in the natural universe, a certain regularity of events, for not only does history repeat itself but its unpleasant features have a special tendency for doing so. Except for its oddities and affectations, Fascism resembles the usual forms of autocracy both historical and contemporary, and in essence there is nothing to choose between the despotism of a chancellor in Europe and the despotism of a president in Latin America.

The name "Fascism" is derived from a root meaning "an axe" which in ancient Rome was a symbol of the lictors' authority. Antiquity presents a number of parallels to the Fascist movement of our own time. In most of the Greek city states the government was normally democratic, but occasionally there was a seizure of power by one individual, whose ephemeral government terminated with his life or that of his immediate successor. The career of one of these ancient dictators, Dionysius of Syracuse, bears a marked resemblance to that of Hitler.

A person of humble origin, Dionysius came to the fore when Syracuse had sunk to a low degree in consequence of a long series of wars with its neighbors. Endowed with a gift of violent eloquence, he drew attention to himself by denouncing the leading citizens, charging them with being the authors of the people's misfortunes and of betraying the city to its enemies. His calumnies, though received with great repugnance by the more intelligent, found favor with the bulk of the people, who in their despair lent a willing ear to the proposals of the new demagogue. Through various maneuvers he obtained from the assembly a vote, passed under constitutional forms, vesting in him alone powers beyond the law. It was intended to create only a temporary dictatorship under the pressing danger of the moment, but Dionysius lost no time in making his rule permanent. He had a number of energetic adherents who were ready to go to all lengths in his support, and was aided especially by a bodyguard of criminals selected because of their

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desperate position as well as for their bravery. All the acts of the usurper were approved by the assembly which he called together on certain occasions and which now included none but his own partisans.

Having made himself master of the lives and fortunes of his own countrymen, the Tyrant of Syracuse now dreamt of foreign conquests, and he began to spend vast sums on military preparations. Those who complained of his ruinous measures were either put to death or consigned to a prison newly constructed out of a quarry. The whole Grecian world became filled with refugees from this dangerous city and the name of its ruler became everywhere a byword of loathing and contempt. In his later years the Tyrant came to suspect every one of plotting against him, and, seized with a homicidal mania, ordered the death of many of his oldest friends and adherents.

In the foregoing narrative are to be found all the elements that enter into modern Fascism. Fascism and anarchy are closely akin to each other, and, with the lowering of social values, governments soon fall into the hands of ruthless and egotistical men. The leaders in the present movement against popular government are of the kind that throughout the ages have risen to power in times of despair. Fascism may be summed up as the project of a demagogue, seconded by a number of ambitious men who expect to share in his success. The mainspring of Italian Fascism was the personal ambition of a Mussolini, who aspired to rule over his distracted countrymen. Similarly, the German variety revolves around a single personage, National Socialism being synonymous with Hitlerism. The success of Herr Hitler encouraged others, and today there is hardly a country without its would-be Hitler or Mussolini. These men wait for an accentuation of the economic crisis to dissolve the present standards and thereby clear the way for their own aggrandizement. The method of these rugged charlatans is to stir the crowd by sophistry, by rhetoric, by calumny, by stimulants applied to the national pride.

It is a sad commentary on the spirit of our age that a medley of irrational nonsense and brazen misstatement, if couched in language sufficiently ornate, should be so dignified as to be referred to as a philosophy. It is no longer necessary to draw from the Germanic sages for actual examples of this "philosophy," for the English-speaking world now has its own school. One of its representatives is a certain Mr. W. E. D. Allen, the author of the first book on English Fascism. He asserts in an article in the *Quarterly Review* that Fascism "sweeps away the inhibitions of democracy," and one need but turn to the barbarous statecraft of a Hitler in order to realize the entire justice of this claim. A further example of his peculiar dialectic is the following: "The emphasis of Fascism on the conception of the nation does not preclude that Universalism which is the antithesis of Internationalism." Only the gargantuan mind of a Dr. Göbbels would be capable of explaining the exact nature of such an antithesis. He asserts also that newspapers should be curbed because they are the property of millionaires.

In the economic sphere likewise Fascism confines itself to pompous phraseology. Its solution of the economic evils of the world is the corporative state, a conception drawn from the quaint ideology of Christian Socialism. In principle, the corporative state is an attempt

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to recast the guild system of the Middle Ages. In reality it is a scheme to insure a few large manufacturers against losses, through wage reductions, customs barriers, tax exemptions and premiums on exports. A French student of Italian Fascism, M. L. Rosenstock-Franck, in a recent article in *L'Année Politique Française et Étrangère* analyzes the corporative state and concludes that there is no such thing as a Fascist economic theory. He says: "The Fascists have no planned economy. An unbridgeable gulf divides the laws and regulations of the authorities from the actual realities of every-day affairs. Every professor and commentator follows his own particular chimera without attempting at any time the indispensable *rapprochement* of life and doctrine. The banalities of every-day opportunism and exalted ideologies pursue each their own course, and never do their respective ways cross each other."

Fascism's so-called philosophy is mere verbosity whose real purpose is to entangle hostile critics in a web of abstraction in order thereby to hide its actual primitiveness. In only one respect does Fascism differ from similar movements of earlier times. For the politics of a mercenary age eloquence is no longer sufficient. The creation of a new movement is a costly enterprise. Expensive halls need to be hired, "troopers" must be transported and provided with money when unemployed and above all they must be outfitted in special haberdashery of an appropriate color. It is evident that the laborious task of saving one's country can not be undertaken without the assistance of the more affluent patriots, and this has led to the belief that Fascism is an instrument of capitalism.

II

"The whole purpose of Fascism," writes John Strachey in *The Coming Struggle for Power*, "is to preserve the rule of the capitalist class." A profound error lurks in this conclusion. Nothing can be said about Fascism except that it is a one-man movement and a one-man government, and that every act is intended for the personal aggrandizement of a self-appointed "leader." An opportunist seeks aid where he can find it and will promise anything to those who give him the funds for his campaign. Nevertheless, it could happen that once in power he would be wise enough to prefer the support of the masses to that of the plutocrats, as will be seen from the following report taken from the *New Republic* of July 11, 1934: "A correspondent in Bulgaria sends us some news of the new dictatorship there, which indicates that Prime Minister Kimon Georgieff is a skilled politician as well as the ruthless engineer of a coup d'état. One of his acts was to intervene in a strike of 3,000 workers at Plevna, who were asking that their wages be increased from 40 to 45 cents in the case of men and from 25 to 30 cents in the case of women. Georgieff ordered the industrialists to accede in full to the demands of the workers."

Only of Italy could it be claimed that there is a close connection between Fascism and capitalism. The triumph of Mussolini was made possible by the large factory owners who were threatened with Communism. In 1921 the Communists were nearly in control and were gradually taking over the factories. They even sent a delegate to Moscow to arrange for the inclusion of Italy within the Soviet system. The manufacturers

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in despair rallied around Mussolini and financed his march on Rome.

In Germany, however, the causes of dictatorship were not the same. In the opinion of all competent observers there was then no possibility of the Communists' seizing power, and, accordingly, there was hardly any need for such extraordinary measures as in Italy. Only a minority of the German capitalists supported Hitler. The bankers with only a few exceptions were against him; while other capitalists, large and small, were divided in their party allegiance as in other countries. Many supported the Centre party and the smaller moderate parties, some even the Socialists, while the head of the powerful Dye Trust was a staunch supporter of Dr. Brüning. Hitler's chief contributors, the coal and iron magnates, represented in 1932 less than nine per cent of the total value of German industry.

It should be noted that the causes of German Fascism were historical as well as economic. German history before the Nineteenth Century is a long record of internal warfare and semi-anarchy. Since the Germans were always fighting among themselves, and life was forever insecure, the law of natural selection favored the survival of the ablest fighters. Hence, the persistence of the military character in so many of her people is a natural outcome of Germany's turbulent past. The Nazi party, with its veneration of brute force and cult of the irrational, provided a haven for the born soldiers. To be sure, business men were also attracted to the movement, particularly those who were ready to supply the new demand for war material. Nevertheless, the very extravagance of the German brand of Fascism was enough to repel the ordinary merchants and manufacturers.

Except to those who supported his movement, Hitler offered nothing to the German capitalists. It is understandable that business men of diverse aim and character would anywhere unite to forestall Communism, but why they would seek the abolition of parliaments, elections and freedom of the press is not so apparent. Nor was industry in any danger from the trade unions, whose suppression was not so much an act of capitalism as an act of despotism. They were the strongholds of "Marxism" and democracy, and this fact alone, to say nothing of their large reserves, is enough to account for their destruction. No doubt they were a burden to the steel magnates who were nearly ruined by the depression, but even the worst employers could foresee no gain to industry generally through lowering the wages of all the workers. But not only because they saw in him the champion of capitalism did Krupp and Thyssen take Hitler unto themselves, for it may be assumed that men of this school do not give away millions merely for the sake of an idea. They invested their money for business reasons only and because they expected a rich harvest at the expense of all—capitalists and workers indiscriminately. There is reason to suppose that the fate of other industrialists outside their circle concerned them no more than the fate of the workers.

Elsewhere it is yet to be found that any large number of business men has abandoned the old parties, for the sake of the Fascists. Recently the Fascist chieftain in Montreal was taken into custody because of a worthless cheque given on behalf of his party. It was found that this "praetorian guard of capitalism" had sixty-five cents to its credit at the bank. Also the Silver Shirts

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—an all-American Nazi party—went into bankruptcy apparently through lack of appreciation by the capitalists. John Strachey in his book admits that the "Fascist technique will only be adopted when the directing capitalist groups consider that the regular state forces at their disposal are inadequate or unsuitable for suppressing the workers." It might be observed that in Poland, Rumania and Hungary the capitalists have no reason to consider the present state forces inadequate for suppressing the workers. One can only suppose, therefore, that the strong Fascist trend in these countries has been due to factors other than capitalism.

III

The doctrine that Fascism is a by-product of capitalism is unsound for the further reason that the concept of capitalism is vague and unsubstantial. The term is invariably used in a controversial sense, and never apart from the idea of the class struggle. No clear definition has ever been given of capitalism, nor has any one shown the limits and boundaries of this supposed system. Neither is it possible to identify the capitalist class with the precision necessary for the scientific discussion of public questions. The term is commonly used to designate those men who are at the same time the employers of labor, the people of wealth and the real masters within the state. It is my intention by analyzing each of these qualities in turn, to prove that there is no capitalist class for the following main reasons: (1) the three elements that are supposed to distinguish the capitalist class do not coincide in the same body of men; (2) no distinctive class could possibly exist on the basis of any one of them.

Employers. As for the employers, no accurate statement can be made about them at all. One could generalize about the cotton manufacturers or about the bankers; but of the "bosses" no judgment can be true without the opposite being true also. Some are wealthy, others are short of money. Some oppress the workers, others win their loyalty. There are few political questions about which employers are not divided, while many avoid politics altogether. Their attitude in all matters which do not immediately concern them is determined more by education and temperament than by class consciousness. The clash between the manufacturers and the workers in any given industry is rarely continuous and years may go by during which there is hardly any trouble between them. Moreover, there are phases of the economic struggle in which the lines between classes are drawn on other planes. A quiet struggle may go on between different classes of producers, between buyers and sellers, lenders and borrowers, which may be less spectacular, but not lacking in bitterness and fury. The line of distinction between employers and workers is only one of several cleavages within the social unit; and under other aspects of the economic struggle employers and their men could be considered as belonging to the same class.

Political Power. The further conception of the capitalists as a ruling caste does not accord with the actual conditions in an advanced civilization. In a democratic country it is possible for laws to be passed despite the resistance of vested interests; and it is an undeniable fact that most of the legislation is intended to benefit the people at large. Democracy means not only the freedom of election, but also the right to organize into groups for various purposes. Such

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groups are infinite in number and variety and among them is distributed—very unevenly—the political influence which elsewhere is concentrated in the hands of a few. That many secure advantages at the expense of the public goes without saying, especially if the voters are not too intelligent. A harmful tariff may result from the pressure of the shoe manufacturers—abetted by their employes—or a tariff on tobacco through the persistence of certain farmers. Organized veterans may frighten Congress into voting them a large subsidy; a certain religious body may prevent the legalization of birth control. These and many other partisan influences are a real enough problem within the democratic framework, though it is important to note that they do not proceed from a single class, but from various and unrelated sections of the community. Even the intolerance which sometimes manifests itself in a democratic country can not be laid at the door of an oligarchy. The tyranny of the authorities in such places as California is directed against a minority, and seems to have the support of a large percentage, if not the majority of the population.

Neither are the capitalists of non-democratic countries always the ruling class. If anything, their relative power is even less. There are other classes which are older and more important—the clergy, the soldiers, the landed nobility. In Germany the East Prussian Junkers seem to enjoy more power than the bankers, and possibly the Ruhr industrialists. All are agreed that without their support Hitler would never have become Chancellor. The failure of Japanese business men to check the extravagance of the militarists would contradict the view that they alone run that country. The Brahmins of India are at the top of the social scale while the merchants are rather low down, and in any region primitive enough to allow the rule of a single class it is not usually the despised merchants and money-lenders who are the rulers.

Wealth. Finally, not even wealth can be regarded as a criterion of the capitalist class. In the more prosperous regions of the world there are innumerable degrees of wealth; and property of some kind is so widely distributed and its ebb and flow is so considerable that it is impossible to distinguish between classes on this basis alone. Men of substance together with their families, relations, friends, advisers and staffs form a high percentage of the total population. Moreover, there are many others without property who earn a secure livelihood, and can, in many respects, be reckoned with the well-to-do. It can not be said that the people in these several stages of luxury, comfort and contentment form a single class. They are a heterogeneous mass and their sense of unity is no different from that of the larger community in which they live.

It is possible, nay even essential, to classify human beings according to their economic status, but all classification can be only provisional, and the growth of civilization makes its revision constantly necessary. Since the time of Karl Marx the old boundary lines have been all but obliterated by the development of the commercial corporation. The employer, in many instances, is no longer an individual but an impersonal body made up of hundreds or thousands of shareholders. The class struggle, which was never a simple thing to analyze, has become even more complicated by the struggle which now goes on between

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corporations. It was possible in a simpler age to divide society into upper, lower and middle classes, but this classification has become obsolete. At the present time it is no more correct to dogmatize about the capitalist class than about the aristocracy or nobility. Today there is neither capitalist class, middle class, nor proletariat, and at most there are faint and irregular distinctions upon which no sound generalizations can be formed. Nevertheless, the rejection of inexact and outworn categories does not imply that we must shut our eyes to the many abuses which flourish on every side. It means only that social and economic evils can not be collected under the heading of a nebulous system, or attributed to the dominance of a single class.

The doctrine that Fascism is a result of capitalism is not only wrong as a theory, but leads to practical conclusions which are both wrong and dangerous. If capitalism is really the cause of Fascism it follows that the world could be saved only by destroying the capitalist class. However, there is reason to believe that the opposite would be the result, that an uprising which sought the ruin of any important element of the population would be the surest prelude to a Fascist government. In the first place, under no circumstances is it possible to destroy a whole class. Its wealthier members could at the first sign of danger transfer their bank deposits to safer countries. Not a few of the Russian nobility and industrialists succeeded in saving part of their fortunes by various means. In the second place, with the exception of the Russian, every attempt to destroy capitalism has lead to Fascism or other forms of reaction—Italy, Hungary, China and Bavaria being the best examples.

IV

To cope effectively with the Fascist menace, it is necessary to abandon the emphasis upon class, and to concentrate rather upon those individuals who are really behind the movement. Primarily it is necessary to deal with a handful of adventurers who form the nucleus of the Fascist movement, together with a certain number of magnates who join in their conspiracy. It is possible in every country to single out a few reactionary financiers and industrialists who act against the public interest, and who are ready to sponsor any movement leading to the overthrow of liberal institutions. In Germany, Alfred Hugenberg was allowed to own two-thirds of the country's newspapers and to engross a large share of its industries. Had something been done to render this sinister man harmless Germany would never have been delivered into the hands of the Nazis.

How are such drastic measures legally possible? In the Seventeenth Century the English Parliament in its contest with the Stuart Kings had frequent recourse to the Bill of Attainder. A Bill of Attainder was a special act of the legislature inflicting punishment upon a single individual for his past acts—usually for an offense which the courts were powerless to deal with. By this means the Commons in the reign of Charles I were able to destroy anti-democratic ministers like Wentworth who were more dangerous to the liberties of England than even the King. Similar power exercised by the parliaments of today would make the overthrow of democratic institutions impossible. Parliament could easily end Fascism in England by compelling Mosley and his principal aides to leave the country. A certain Lady Houston has already squandered

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a fortune on these undeserving men and it could be decreed that this woman's superfluous money, and that of others like her, should be paid instead into the Exchequer.

The Bill of Attainder if employed wisely and carefully could also be valuable in other ways. In the United States it has been proved that a number of leading financiers have enriched themselves at the public expense. There is no law to punish them, and if there were, it is doubtful whether the punishment would fit the crime. There are many who believe that such evils can only be corrected by revolution. A revolution in a highly civilized country is like trying to disinfect a building by setting it on fire. There is no need for a revolution. If Congress, aside from appointing committees to investigate, had also the right to imprison highly placed offenders, and to order the confiscation of their fortunes, the present contempt for the representatives of the people would change swiftly into one of great respect, and there would then be no occasion either for revolution or Fascism.

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Pacifists in the Next War

By Ernest L. Meyer

Present war objectors believe that they are strong enough to have influence in any future crisis, but the facts bear another interpretation

The opinion grows among contemporary war objectors that in the "next war," just around the corner, the machinery of Mars will be seriously obstructed by the monkey wrench of aroused and numerically strong pacifists. The view is bolstered by the apparent growth in America of the anti-war movement. Older organizations, including the War Resisters' League and the Fellowship of Reconciliation, have been buttressed by new groups, such as the Green Shirt International and the National Students' League. In a recent poll of 20,000 American clergymen, conducted by representatives of twelve religious bodies, 14,000 ministers went on record as refusing to sanction or support any war on foreign soil. Anti-war and anti-R.O.T.C. demonstrations have been staged on the campuses of a dozen American universities. Of 22,627 students polled in sixty-five colleges, 8,938 registered entire refusal to take part in war, and 7,342 voted to fight only in defense of American soil. The religious war objectors—Quakers, Mennonites, etc.—still count among their membership hundreds of thousands of pacifists. The Socialists and Communists, committed against imperialistic wars, add more thousands to the roster of the legion which, thus runs the argument, can be counted upon in the next military excursion to fold their arms and stand, a solid phalanx, to confound the war-makers and seriously hamper their bloody enterprise.

The fault of the anti-sanguinary camp is that it is too sanguine. And that its memory is too short. It assumes that "militant pacifism" is a contemporary phenomenon. It believes that the disillusionment engendered by Versailles and the lean and hungry years following peace has created in the United States a powerful anti-war minority unique in our history.

The assumption is fallacious. Before and immediately after America's entrance into the World War there was a large and articulate pacifist minority, including religionists, Socialists, liberals and humanitarians. Although the philosophy of non-resistance, of course, reaches back through the centuries, in the World War, more than in any preceding war, pacifists had definite organizations, definite and immediate aims, and intellectual leaders using politics and propaganda as weapons to com-

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bat similar weapons of the militarists.

With the exception of religious sects and the Socialists, the organized American pacifists of the World War era had their genesis in the Emergency Peace Federation, formed in October, 1914, under the leadership of Mme. Rosika Schwimmer, Jane Addams and Louis P. Lochner. This organization, later rebaptized as the National Peace Federation, launched the famous Ford "peace ship," which sailed December 4, 1915, to visit European ports and agitate for a quick and democratic termination of the World War. Although the delegates did hold a Conference of Neutral Internationalists and Pacifists from March to July, 1917, the mission was hardly a success. The ark of peace had unleashed a few doves, but they found no Mount of Olives.

Out of the Federation, however, developed new anti-war enterprises, including the American Conference for Democracy and Terms of Peace, called in May, 1917, and embracing delegations from such anti-military groups as the American Defense League, Fellowship of Reconciliation, American Union Against Militarism and the Free Speech League of America. This conference grew into a quite powerful organization, the People's Council of America, formed in June, 1917, and officered by prominent pacifists led by Professor Emily Green Balch, Professor H. W. L. Dana, Eugene V. Debs, Max Eastman, Morris Hillquit, Bishop Paul Jones, Rabbi Judah Magnes, Scott Nearing, Louis Lochner and David Starr Jordan.

The People's Council organized chapters in hundreds of cities and towns. Accurate membership lists are unavailable, but the council at the height of its activity claimed in excess of 100,000 adherents. Sixty thousand, probably, would be nearer the total of active members—60,000 pacifists carrying on three months after the United States had entered the War, still unconvinced by Wilson's hypnotic formulas and still uncowed by patriots and police.

There was, moreover, the Socialist party of America. In 1917 the party numbered 83,000 members. At the emergency national convention in St. Louis in April, 1917, shortly after we had entered the war, the delegates voted an uncompromising pacifist programme. "We brand the declaration of war by our government as a crime against the people of the United States and against the nations of the world," it read. "In all modern history there has been no war more unjustifiable than the war in which we are about to engage. We recommend to the workers and pledge ourselves to continuous, active and public opposition to the war through demonstrations, mass petitions and all other means within our power . . . and to unyielding opposition to all proposed legislation for military or industrial conscription." Here, then, was a party of 83,000 which might be counted upon seriously to hamper the White House Galahad in his quest for the grail of democracy.

Besides these groups there were a number of smaller organizations, such as the Industrial Workers of the World, not definitely committed to war opposition, but most of whose members individually were recognized as opposing imperialistic military excursions and conscription. These may have totaled 50,000. Moreover, there were twenty-odd religious sects, some on record against combatant war service, and some on record against any service in the military machine. Statistics on the

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anti-war religious sects, based on the 1917 yearbook, place their membership well beyond 400,000.

Added to the organized anti-war groups was a considerable number of sentimental pacifists of the William Jennings Bryan school. These will not be included in the total of effective anti-militarists because their gesture was rhetorical. As Leon Trotzky put it (*Class Struggle*, November, 1917), in an article written in June, 1917: "There have never been so many pacifists as at this moment when people are slaying each other on all the great highways of our planet. . . . The advanced nations cut each other's throats under the banner of pacifism. Wilson plunged the United States into war in the name of a league of nations and a durable peace. Kerensky and Tseretelli shout for an offensive in the name of 'an early conclusion of peace.' It is the irony of history that the 'official pacifism' of Wilson, as well as the 'oppositional pacifism' of Bryan should be the chief instruments for the accomplishment of this task: the education of the masses to military ideals. 'If war should come,' Bryan telegraphed in Chicago last February, 'we will all support the government, of course, yet at this moment it is our sacred duty to do all in our power to preserve the nation from the horrors of war.' Official pacifism could have desired nothing better. After Bryan's own declaration only one thing was necessary to dispose of his noisy opposition to war, and that was, simply, to declare war. And so Wilson did, and Bryan rolled right over into the government camp."

Omitting Bryan and his camp of nebulous pacifists, we have, then, after America's entry into the War, a total of over 590,000 religious and non-religious pacifists of whom, at a low estimate, 60,000 were eligible to military conscription, because the church totals include no children below thirteen, and the non-church totals include only adults.

Sixty thousand potential "conscientious objectors" in the army camps, backed by half a million pacifists in civilian life! A formidable army of the unarmed—on paper.

But what happened? Official records of the War Department disclose that of 2,810,296 men inducted into the United States army cantonments during the World War, only 3,989 made any claim for exemption from military service on the grounds of conscientious objection. This does not include the handful of men who refused to register and were sentenced by civil courts under the draft law. Nor does it include religious objectors whose claims for non-combatant service were recognized by local draft boards, and who were ineffective in hampering the War, because by accepting hospital or quartermaster duty they released an identical number of men for service at the front.

Of the 3,989 men inducted into military camps and refusing active service, 1,300 accepted non-combatant service, 1,200 were furloughed to farms (thereby releasing farmers' sons for war duty), 99 were assigned to the Friends' Reconstruction Unit (organized to assist war refugees and rebuild devastated areas) and 450 were classified as "absolutists," who refused any participation in the war machine, either combatant or non-combatant, and who were court-martialed and sentenced to prison.

The last classification is the only one that matters in the sense of effective opposition to the conduct of a war. Out

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of an inducted American army of nearly 3,000,000 men, only 450 refused to share in any way in the martial expedition. And not more than 500 were sentenced by civil courts for refusing to register for the draft. Only 950 men of a possible 60,000 of draft age who had, on paper, or in public in noisy demonstrations, thumbed their noses at Mars.

II

Lost, strayed, or broken—59,000 conscientious objectors. Partly broken, but mostly strayed. Police curbed some, but propaganda converted more. The organized anti-war minority were scattered to the gale. When, on August 27, 1917, the People's Council attempted to hold a convention in Minnesota, Governor Burnquist prohibited the gathering on the ground that it "might incite riots." The delegates then hastily called their "constitutional convention" in Chicago. The Illinois Governor summoned troops to prevent the gathering. Mayor William Hale Thompson of Chicago, defying the Governor, allowed the convention to be held. The Council actually succeeded in meeting and passing a mild programme for "a concrete statement of war aims, no forcible annexations, no punitive indemnities, taxation of wealth to pay for war, and repeal of the conscription act." Then the troops marched upon the convention hall, and the Council dispersed. For all practical intents, for good. Though it existed officially until 1920, its membership dwindled, its meetings were held sub rosa, and its effective power was nil.

More amazing was the collapse of the American Socialist party. It had condemned the action of the French, German and Belgian Socialists in rallying to imperialistic war when the ink on the declaration was hardly dry. It had, at the St. Louis convention, pledged itself to "continuous, active and public opposition" to the war already in progress. But so heavy, so convincing was the flood of propaganda, that Socialist leaders, one by one, were lured by the tune of the Pied Piper. J. G. Phelps Stokes fell. Allen Benson, John Spargo, William English Walling and Upton Sinclair fell, and the last named was the only one, after the War, publicly to brand himself an ass led astray by the carrot of Wilsonianism. Eugene Debs was clapped into prison. The Socialist press was smashed. Although the Espionage Act was passed without the censorship clause demanded by Wilson, postal authorities silenced the *Michigan Socialist*, the *Socialist News* of Cleveland, the *Rebel* of Texas, the *International Socialist Review*, *St. Louis Labor*, the *Masses*, the *People's Press* of Philadelphia, the *Appeal to Reason*, and the *American Socialist*, official paper of the party. Practically leaderless and voiceless, the Socialists, save for the few who refused to register and were sentenced in the civil courts, and the few who were drafted and court-martialed for refusal to bear arms, became willy-nilly allies of the lord of battle. A few, indeed, became the lord's right-hand men and minor prophets.

The religious sects were more immune from the military fist. Mostly because they were collectively harmless, indulged in no propaganda, and kept rigidly unto themselves. Although no one can overstate the courage of individual religious objectors, who endured torture and even death in cantonments and prison, as a group they did not and never will constitute a serious menace to the progress of a war. Their stand, save for the Quakers, had no social or political implications. Biblical literalists,

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they sought salvation by turning the other cheek, endured what punishment was meted out and then returned to the pious obscurity whence they had come.

The United States, then, witnessed this miracle in 1917. Less than half a year after war was declared, and less than a year after a majority of the total population had cast a presidential ballot for peace, the nation had been hammered into a fighting machine which rolled over the "pacifist" millions and left them impotent in the dust.

III

This rather detailed analysis of pacifism in the last war is deemed necessary because upon it we can base some predictions of the fate of pacifism in the next.

The present army of war objectors, which considers itself so unique, so articulate, so powerful—will it survive? The 14,000 ministers on record against war—will they defy the powers from their pulpits? The answer, arrived at with as much reluctance as reason, is no.

There is no inference here that they will forswear their pledges for cowardly or self-seeking reasons. On the contrary, so subtle is the art of propaganda, they will find themselves drawn to the service of Mars, and in his livery endure as great or far greater hardships than they would have endured in the service of Christ or Marx or whatever prophet they now invoke. They will read, hear, eat, drink propaganda. They will actually become as dependent upon it for existence as the fish is dependent upon the ocean in which it breathes and feeds. For, once let them question the rightness of the prevailing passionate martial credo, or the justness of the current war, and they will be on the high road to social ostracism and lunacy.

It is one thing to hold a minority opinion when one is privately convinced the majority opinion was formulated or is entertained by knaves and poltroons. It is another thing to nurse a dissenting idea when that idea is branded as erroneous and craven by the wise and the pious, by friends and kinsmen, by poets and professors, by all the multitude which one has regarded for years with veneration. Then, indeed, the dissenter looks into himself, and says: "Who am I, miserable entity, to set myself up against these good men and true? What madness has come upon me that I should call *them* mad?" Ostracized, isolated, he saves himself from extinction by finding in some new episode, or some new mass of propaganda, the nugget which he pounces upon as golden truth, and which magically leads him to "see the light." Overjoyed, he finds himself once more aligned with the majority, a sane man. He has been washed by the tidal wave from the coral island where slowly he was going mad.

This is what happened to the vast majority of pacifists in the last war. And it will happen again in the next. "Ah," the contemporary war resisters will exclaim, "but you forget we have learned from study and experience. We will not again be led by lies and propaganda. The memory of the last war and the disillusionment that followed is strong in us, and the next war will find us aware of the deceptions that precipitated and prolonged the last."

The objection is naïve. Perhaps never before in modern history has the world been so ripe for new and convincing war propaganda as at the present time. Consider, for example, a George Creel let loose with the vast and fertile field

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of the Yellow Peril to exploit for militaristic ends. The possibilities are limitless. The fables broadcast about the Japanese Emperor and his armies of saffron devils would make the fables about the Beast of Berlin and his Belgian baby-butchering legions look like chapters from a Sunday school text. The simple words "Yellow Peril" alone and without elaboration are enough to make any sensitive citizen, in time of war with Tokyo, pull the blankets over his head after finding night hideous with the diabolic grin of Fu Manchu.

Or consider the German situation. It would take no great pressure to convince what was once the bulwark of American pacifism—the Socialist party—that a war with Germany, or even with Austria, is not only unavoidable but sanctioned by the ghost of Marx. Herr Hitler has laid the groundwork for an entirely new, entirely convincing war propaganda, not only on account of his suppression of the Jews, Socialists, trade unionists and pacifists, but on account of the modern Treitschkes and Nietzsches with whom the Chancellor is surrounded.

Chief among these is Ewald Banse, professor of military science at Brunswick Technical College. He believes that "infection of drinking water with typhoid bacillus and dissemination of plague through artifically infested rats are justifiable instruments of war." A new *Schrecklichkeit*, warmed over and ready-made for Allied propaganda. Banse, lauding the warrior-type, says in his *Germany Prepares for War:* "How utterly different . . . is the peace-loving man, the pacifist. He will endure any humiliation to avoid war. His dim, lustreless eye betokens servility, his clumsy body is obviously built for toiling and stooping, his movements are slow and deliberate. To this bourgeois or philistine, the warrior is the sworn foe, the deadly enemy who exists only to destroy his miserable rest." Banse's fulminations have been disclaimed by the Nazis, though he still holds his college post. Disclaimed or not, his rabid utterances—should there be war with Germany—will be added to the thousand inflammatory remarks of Hitler and his aides to build up a mass of propaganda that will make the "white books" of the last war seem the feeble output of a novice.

Propaganda, then, will be the scythe mowing down the palm-leaves of peace, and reduce the army of war-resisters to a pitiful handful, impotent, labeled "egocentric" by military psychiatrists, and sometimes questioning its own sanity.

IV

What will happen to that handful? What happened to them in the last war? On the whole, and compared with their treatment in other nations, they were dealt with generously in America. The bulk of them accepted uniforms and non-combatant service, merged with the army and were unmolested, save for occasional brutalities in the barracks before their segregation and assignment. The "absolutists," however, underwent tortures in barracks and prison. Some were manacled in the black "hole" of Leavenworth, one dying of pneumonia as a result. Some were clapped into specially designed "coffins" in Alcatraz. Some underwent water-torture, had their hair plucked out from head and leg, were strung up on a noose till their toes touched the ground. One resister, Ernest Gellert, committed suicide in camp to call official attention

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to the brutalities visited upon him and his fellow pacifists.

The record is dark with these barbarities, but all were committed without the knowledge or sanction of Washington. On the contrary, when detected they were halted and the perpetrators reprimanded or punished. The War Secretary, Newton Baker, harking to the demands of the still-existing peace organizations, made liberal provision for conscientious objectors in the selective service act. He appointed a board of three to travel from cantonment to cantonment and give a hearing to all draftees who claimed exemption on conscientious grounds. These hearings, though at times farcical, did deal leniently with those—especially religionists—who were found "sincere." Those found "insincere," by some vague and supernatural yardstick, were turned over to the military for court-martial. These tribunals acted with conventional ferocity. Sentences of from five to forty years were commonplace; some resisters were sentenced for life, and some were sentenced to be shot by musketry until dead. On reviewal by Washington, however, the harsh sentences were reduced. No resister was shot, and in 1920, two years after peace was declared, the last war objector was released from Leavenworth.

There is nothing on the horizon to indicate that pacifists in the next war will receive treatment more generous. There are signs that they will be dealt with more severely. If war should come during the present Administration, there will be in the White House a President who, while committed like Wilson in his first term to a broad programme of peace, is, by background and conviction, a man far more militaristic than the late Princeton doge. He is definitely a "big navy" and preparedness-for-defense apologist. He is definitely a nationalist. These leanings, in times of crisis when our "national honor" is invaded, will sway him toward the school of the saber automatically, and, once committed, make him launch into a war with the same robust ruthlessness and smiling bravado with which he launched a New Deal.

The President will find, as compared with the régime of a Wilson, Hoover or Coolidge, a nation far more regimented, far more willing to burn the sacrificial goat of rugged individualism on the high altar of national necessity. The alphabetic bureaus of industrialism he has invented will be supplanted by sinister agencies of the war lord, bristling with "administrators," "authorities" and "coördinators." An acquiescent Congress may not find in its Senate even a wilful twelve, and triumphantly democratic State legislatures will raise no barricades against the march of Mars. An obeisant press, with the jingoistic Hearsts and Pattersons falling into line, will form the basis of a newspaper-radio-movie propaganda unequalled in our history, while one command, or one pious slogan, will convert the pulpit overnight.

And how the President and his aides will "crack down" on recalcitrants! If unanimity of opinion can be invoked and partially enforced during an economic crisis in which critics of the New Deal can howl their objections without being guilty of actual treason, how much more effectively can it be enforced when any whispered attack on the New War is not only a sin against the current father of his country but also against the holy ghost of historic solidarity in time of war. And in the "cracking down" process, the pacifists

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will be the first to feel the fist of the New War's General Johnson.

This, then, is on the calendar: thousands of pacifists in the New War will be converted by a bigger and better propaganda. Thousands will, after wrestling with their conscience, adjust themselves despite their own predilections to the demands of solidarity imposed by the New War, as they have adjusted themselves to the slogan of unity invoked by the New Deal. And the remaining handful, a tattered army without banners, will be collectively powerless, saving out of chaos only the integrity of their own souls.

Strange Slumbering

By Frances Taylor Patterson

Strange slumbering
Without a dream,
And neither light
Nor dark
Nor numbering
Of weeks. No lark
To make a dawn.
No star
To set
Its candle at the bier of day.
Neither are
There seasons here;
For time is emptied out.
The heart is still.
The mind has gone a journey.
The thirst of love,
Its hunger,
Are put away.
Distress is like a moon
That has no tide to move.
And fear
Can find no food
To batten on.
This is no kin
To common sleep
Which grows
Transparent with bright dreams
And rubs its fabric thin
Along the edge of night.
The old free will
To wake or nod
Is gone.
And memory lies
With pennies on its eyes.
This sleep is odd;
Induced by milky juice
Of poppies from the fields of God;
A white, unmeasured sleep;
A slumber that is strange and deep.

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Pink Soap

By Karlton Kelm

A Story

I know, Bird, I'll be rentin' rooms in the woodshed next to raise a little extra, but I had to make up what I was losin' with reducin' the other rents, didn't I? Besides, it ain't just an ordinary attic, Bird; it's really a third floor, only it never got finished off.

That tea too hot? Pour it in your saucer if you like; ain't no fanciness hereabouts. Lordy, Bird, if you could of see her the day she come. Dressed to kill. Not loud but rich-like. One of them long fox furs near chokin' her and danglin' clear down. And she went up them steps like it was a penthouse she was goin' to.

Glory be, Bird, the first thing we gets up there she asks, "The view?" her voice real low but goin' way up like that. I near die. But I puts up the blinds and says to her, "Well, ma'm, it's all in how you look at it. Now close up there's all them store backs, but if you look away off there between the Federal Building and the Catholic Church steeple, you'll find as nice a bit of river as anywhere. Providin' you're farsighted," I says.

Land, Bird, I didn't mean to make you choke on that crumb cake. Got your breath? O what did *she* say? Well, she just switched that fur around a bit and says, "How interesting!" just like she was in a movie or something.

Well, Bird, I wasn't standin' for any uppitiness, the little I'd be getting out of it all told, so I decides to have it out with her. "See here, Mis' Barlay," I says, "when I first seen you, I says to myself this place wouldn't be good enough for you, it appearin' you've seen better—" and I hesitates right there, Bird, thinkin' she might open up on her past life. But not a word. She just looks out the window and waits for me to finish, so I goes on, "—but you was so sure it would do—" She stops me then, raisin' a white kid glove, and it ain't like the same woman at all when she smiles and says to me sort of intimate-like, "Mrs. Kretchie, it *will* do." Then she dives into her purse to pay me right off, but I says, "Hold on, ma'm, so far you don't know about anything but the view."

For fair, Bird, she hadn't even set on the bed.

"Now about the bathroom," I says, "there ain't a tub up here, just toilet and washbowl, and I know my second floor people won't stand for you comin' down there all time, all three of you, since you appear to me to be the kind to do a lot of bathin'." I says, "You see, Mis' Barlay, what I really had in mind was a couple of college boys who could do their bathin' at the Y."

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Sure, Bird, I must of told you she has two kids. Didn't I? Well, I know, I always said I'd never take in kids, but it's only one kid really. The girl's a real young lady, and the little feller—well, after I seen him, Bird, I was so sure he'd give no trouble, such a delicate polite little chap, that I even looks forward to havin' a young one around again, with my own all grown up and off.

Well, I could see she was kind of jarred at what I told her but she manages to cover it up pretty well with that uppity voice she first give me, and says it will be perfectly O.K. with her, she has relatives where she can bathe, she and the children—in fact they wanted her to live with them, but you know—and she kind of smiles instead of saying the rest, and for fair, Bird, she takes the whole thing so for granted and settled that I finds myself taking the money from her with never a boo.

Yes sir, that's how they got in here, Bird, total strangers and all, and for all I found out about them that first day, they might've been just anybody, or nobody, if you know what I mean—and me that's tried to be so careful. I guess I just fell for that high talk, and the fox fur and all; but it never seemed right to me, Bird, their being here. Movin' up there with them furs and a lot of books and no bathtub. It didn't seem right to see them sittin' around book-readin' in fancy silk pajamas and no plaster on the walls, just a lot of rough wood with big round knots in it, all smellin' kind of damp and at the same time awful dry and dusty. I tell you, I never felt like that about a boarder of mine before, Bird; kind of ashamed of my own things.

So one day shortly after they come, I lugs up an old chair with a cushion in it, so at least Missus will have something comfortable to set on. Just a plain old every-day oak chair, Bird, that's been in the family for years. But when the girl, Stella's her name, seen me comin', she throws down her book and starts jumpin' all over the place. "O Mothaw, it's perfectly divine!" she yells, "O Mothaw, those legs, those dear precious legs!"

Well, puffin' like I was from those two flights of stairs, I near die at that, Bird, and I has to set right down on that chair myself or drop. But they don't notice me a-tall, not even the little feller, they all three just keep circling around that chair with me in it sprawled out like the queen of Asia Minor, ravin' about them legs and I don't know what all. Glory be, Bird, I concludes then and there they couldn't of been used to nothing after all or they'd never carry on like that over an old oak chair with the stuffing loose and everything, now would they, Bird? Of course not. Do you know what Miss Van Duseman said, Bird? She said like as not them silk pajamas and furs was stole—you know, shopliftin'. But then again the next day I figures Miss Van Duseman was talking like a sausage, because down comes Mis' Barlay with the chair, sayin' how she appreciated the thought and all, but she just couldn't accept something not figured in our original bargain.

Well, Bird, you could of knocked me over with her bein' that proud, and before I rearlized what I was doin' I was tellin' her I'd figured the chair in from the start but just hadn't got to fetchin' it up there. So that kind of fixed it up in her head, I guess, because she drug it back upstairs then. But you could of knocked me over, Bird, you could've for fair!

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II

That was in the spring when they come, Bird, and right off my boarders take a terrible dislike to them. Why? Well, for no reason a-tall, lest it was that the Barlays stuck to themselves and didn't stop to chew the rag after meals but went right on up to their "apartment." That sure got 'em, Bird, the Barlays callin' my attic their apartment. Mis' Bolder near die, and it got Miss Van Duseman so mad she kept tellin' over and over how she was brung up with two maids and a cow, and now the likes of them Barlays should lord it over her.

You know Miss Van Duseman, Bird, snappy as a turtle but O.K. if you pay her a little attention. It was sure funny to hear her go on about them Barlays. "Silk dresses in the morning!" she snaps. "But I'd like to know what she's got underneath." That's how she goes on, Bird. "And that girl," she says, "Dropping her r's like that when like as not she was born in the slums without a—" She caught herself then, but in a minute she goes right on sayin', "Well, where is he? Why ain't they livin' with him? Why don't she mention him ever?"

Well, she gets me kind of thinkin' at that, Bird, but what can I do about it? You can't kick people out just for mindin' their own business, can you?

But it wasn't long I was wantin' for a complaint, Bird. One morning that quiet Mr. O'Donnell of all people hollers down that he can't stand the noise any longer. Well, I can't hear nothin' so I hurries up to the old feller thinkin' he must've gone off at last, like I always thought he would, but no, he seems same as ever when I gets up there and he says, "It's just like rats eatin' out my brains," he says, blinkin' his small weak eyes and shovelin' his big knotty hands around. "It's got so I can't even pray no more," he says.

I guess I told you once, Bird, how the old gent's kind of nutty on religion, and says how the world's endin' next year. No matter what year you ask him it's always next year, so's you can never quite prove he's wrong, he's that cute.

Well, I goes in his room and he tells me how he's never been one to complain, but now he'd have to find another place—and all the time me not able to hear a thing. But Mis' Bolder and Van Duseman says they hear it good, Mis' Bolder deaf as she is, so I listens hard and hears it, a kind of pattering around in the ceiling. "Well, it's sure the quietest noise I ever hear," I says, but Miss Van Duseman comes right back, "It ain't so quiet, Mis' Kretchie, when you got to hear it the livelong day like poor Mr. O'Donnell. It fairly roars after a bit." And Mis' Bolder says, "It sure does!" and that was the most I hear her say in a coon's age, though she's always been able to make enough trouble without talkin'. Some talks, and some looks, and she's one of them lookers, and she sure has a lot of face to look with.

So I has to go up to the attic to investigate, and Van Duseman parks on the lowest step all set to listen. "I think it's that girl dancin'," she whispers loud after me. "She's out for bein' a common chorus girl, if the truth is known," she says.

Well, I don't answer, but I figures if Van Duseman's right for once, I'll make a big thing of the noise, and Missus bein' proud like she is will up and leave, because I didn't want no chorus girls in the house; I had two chorus boys once whose lips looked too

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red to be true, and glory be, before I could get rid of them they just about ruined the name of my house for good.

Well, Bird, when I pokes my head in the Barlay's door that morning, it ain't the girl who's dancin' at all, but the little feller, dancin' all by himself nice as you please. Not foxtrottin', Bird, but all kinds of fancy goin's-on, with some kind of crazy shawl draped over him and my old brass flower-pot holder on his head; but for all that, Bird, he was just as light as a feather. For fair, I never see the beat of that young one. I was so taken up with him that I clean forgets to scold about the noise but asks his ma does he take lessons, and she says no, but that, oh I forget who, some foreigner by the sound of it, said that Arnold, that's the kid's name, had a great future in the ballet, which is somethin' like musical comedy, I guess, Bird, only higher tone. Then I asks what was the name of the dance he was just doin' and she laughs and says Arnold was improvising, which I always thought was somethin' you done on a piano.

Well, I finally gets around to what I come for, but I puts it as easy as I can, not makin' much of it a-tall. Just the same Mis' Barlay gets kind of white and the little feller he gets off his duds in a hurry and sits quiet in a corner too scared to move. Then Mis' Barlay tightens up in that high-tone way of hers and says, "We've tried to be so careful, but Arnold's so light we didn't think—" but she doesn't go on, Bird, and all of a sudden I feels awful ashamed and says, "Well, it ain't so much the noise as the idea, I guess, Mis' Barlay," and I leaves her on that, and when Van Duseman asks me what they had to say (I'd shut the door so she couldn't hear), I nearly bites her head off.

But the next day I catches Mis' Barlay in the hall and edges around her and says real low that if Arnold does his dancin' long towards five when Mr. O'Donnell goes for his constitutional, why no one will be the wiser. Because, Lordy, Bird, I did feel bad about that young one bein' deprived of the only exercise he did have, me able to offer him no backyard or nothin'.

Well, Bird, you know that didn't just set with her either. She give me the funniest look, like I was a sneak in my own house, but she doesn't say anything this time like the other time about the chair, though I could see it was killin' her pride—him dancin' on them grounds, I mean. No, she doesn't say a word this time about our original bargain, part of it bein' that Arnold would give no disturbance, but as I say, she looked plenty!

Did it work out that way you want to know? It did not. Seems Mr. O'Donnell didn't do much walkin' after that, just like he smelt a rat, and when he did go, he'd come back long 'fore his time and catch Arnold at it and start prayin' at the top of his voice. But he didn't say any more he was leavin', and I do believe he actually enjoyed catchin' the kid like that because he told Mis' Bolder he'd come to accept the noise as a penance by which he'd gain indulgence to remove temporal punishment due to sin, which is all Greek to me, my family never bein' much for church. So the danger of losin' him was over for the present, but now it sprung up with Miss Van Duseman. She hadn't spoke to me since I bit off her head that morning, but I heard her telling Mis' Bolder that while the boy's dancin' didn't reach her loud enough to *necessitate* her leaving, Mr. O'Donnell's hollerin' sure did, and while she didn't blame Mr.

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O'Donnell one *iota* (she used nice words like that, Miss Van Duseman did), she couldn't stand by and see the poor man aggravated any longer, and so it was up to me to choose between her and the Barlays.

III

Well, I couldn't quite follow how she figured but one afternoon I goes around to her and promises her the Barlays will be pullin' out soon as the hot weather hits us, because, land, once I come to think on it, Bird, I knows they wouldn't be able to stand it up there under that tin roof, delicate like they are, and with them dinky windows that doesn't open enough so's you can notice it, and most of all, no bathtub to cool off in.

It wasn't that I preferred the Barlays to go to Van Duseman, but already they had fell behind in their rent, and if they'd be pullin' out anyway there'd be no reason why Van Duseman should too.

You take another cup of tea, Bird, and I'll tell you all about it that summer. It was one of the hottest summers I ever put in. I near die, and Mis' Bolder, so fleshy and all, she near die too, but do you know, them Barlays read right through it all. And never said a word about leaving. And they always looked so neat and everything you'd of thought they just come out of a cold tub. But I figured it was just that high-tone people with refined complexions don't show the heat like others, until that bar of soap give things away.

Yes, Bird, she went and done it. That proud woman went and broke her bargain with me. I couldn't believe it at first, but then like I told Mis' Bolder, you can't tempt people in such weather and not expect them to fall; now ain't it the truth? Yes sir, all three of them was usin' the tub the whole hot spell, just as cute, without one of us catchin' on. How? Well, they takes turns at missin' their meals and while we was all down here eatin', one of 'em was up there splashin' around nice as you please.

Yes, Bird; a bar of soap give 'em away. A pink bar. None of the ladies used pink soap, and Mr. O'Donnell don't use none, so there you are. Miss Van Duseman says she figured all along it wasn't just the heat that was always keepin' one of 'em away from meals with the headache, but then she always talks like a sausage.

Yes, that's what I said, Bird. Imagine them kids wanting a bath bad enough to go hungry for it. Of course Miss Van Duseman went right up in the air, and there was a big fight. Yes, between she and Mis' Barlay, though Mis' Barlay ain't a woman you would ever think could *fight!*

It was like this, Bird. After Van Duseman found the soap she marches right up to the Barlays with it, gloating all over. "I presume this is yours," she says to Mis' Barlay. I was listening at the foot of the stairs and I could almost hear Mis' Barlay blush, but when she spoke her voice was real still and uppity. "Thank you," she says and waits for Van Duseman to go. But the old girl's lovin' every second of it and won't budge. "You realize of course you're forbidden to use our bath?" says Van Duseman. "I have nothing to say to you," says Mis' Barlay. "My bargain is with Mis' Kretchie." "Now ain't that nice," says Van Duseman, then flarin' up. "Well, don't think I care if you talk to me or not. It's mutual, I'm sure; but I want you to know my family record

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is an open book and no dark mystery like yours, and while I mayn't dress like the queen of Sheba, I pay my rent right on the dot, and that's more than some folks does!"

Now how do you suppose she found that out, Bird? I'm almost sure I wouldn't repeat it to a living soul about the Barlays bein' back in the rent. But not to hold up the fight any, let me tell you that Van Duseman got no more said than that. Mis' Barlay's face must of got pretty terrible because all at once Van Duseman starts whining around, "Now don't you strike me," she whines, "don't you dare strike me," and I hears her backing away with Mis' Barlay right after her yellin' bloody murder. "Get out of here!" she yells. "Get out of here, you ugly old creature, and don't ever come up here again. I despise you," she yells. "I despise you and everything you stand for—all the meanness and poverty of your small life. You want to make me and my children ugly and small like you," she says. "You want us to haggle and fight with you and forget all the big things, and because you can't, you're trying to drive us out of here; but you won't do it! We're here to *stay* and no matter what you do to us, you'll never touch us *really*, do you understand?"

Land, Bird, Miss Van Duseman comes down them steps faster 'n she went up, and I thinks to myself: there goes one fine boarder, been with me eleven years. But do you know, Bird, once she gets her breath, she says to me, "So she thinks she can drive me out of here, does she? Well, I'll show her! I was here long before her and I'll be here long after!" And you know, Bird, I really thinks she was satisfied now she'd got Mis' Barlay to fight with her.

IV

Now you got to eat another piece of that crumb cake, Bird, and I'll tell you how it all come out. The day after the fight Mis' Barlay sends down for me and I goes up, kind of shaky for fear she's goin' to let in to me too like she done to Van Duseman. But no, she's just as quiet and ladylike as the day she come. We're all alone up there and she draws up a chair close to mine and says, "Mis' Kretchie, I've been a very foolish woman. Here I sit worrying how I am going to pay you your rent, how I am going to give my children even the barest necessities in the future, when there has been no need of it from the start."

Well, I blinks at that a while, Bird, then I says, "Oh you mean you'll sell some of your books and furs and things?"

She laughs soft-like at that. "The fox fur wouldn't go very far, I'm afraid," she says, "but it *will* take care of the rent I owe you," and she goes to the closet for it, Bird, and hands it over to me. "As for the books," she goes on, "they've been paying for us ever since we came here, but now I want the children to keep what's left of them. They were my father's," she says. "He was a very plain humble man and his only wealth was these fine old volumes he collected. No, Mis' Kretchie," she says, "what I meant was we're going to live with our relatives. They've money, plenty of it, and we can go on keeping up appearances that way." She smiling all the time, Bird, but somehow her voice sounds kind of bitter on that. "I suppose that's more important than independence, after all," she says.

"Are these the relatives where you was to take the baths?" I asks then.

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She colors up at that and I was sorry I rubbed it in that way. "I was desperate that day I came to you," she says. "I had to find the cheapest place possible and yet it had to be respectable and decent. The boarding houses didn't want children, and the books wouldn't keep us in an apartment in a respectable neighborhood very long, with our meals extra and everything, so I had to say the right things to induce you to take us in. But we never went there, not once," she says. "You see, these relatives, they're not my people, they're *his!*"

Well, Bird, I knew she meant her husband, and I also knew she hated him by the way she looked. Then as if to kind of go with her givin' up the fox fur she comes out of her shell and tells me everything.

It seems her hubby's folks was death against him marryin' her because she was an actress, and they had a girl whose folks way back come over on the Mayflower picked out for him. Well, it seems this son wasn't much good without his father's money and he kept leavin' her to go back home and fix things up, but in the long run he always came back to his wife again. Then he has some luck on the stock market with the last haul from his pa, and he stays with his wife and kids longer than usual. Well, the old man's pretty sore by now because this Mayflower girl is still waiting for the son to get a divorce like he promised to, so the old man says never again. Then the stock crash comes, and the son gets caught and the old man sticks to his word and refuses to do a thing about it. So the son bein' no good without money ups and flees the country leavin' Mis' Barlay and the kids with nothin' but a flock of clothes and some books they manage to rescue out of the debts.

"He was always a coward," Mis' Barlay tells me, "but I loved him until he left for good like that." She told me the old folks come around after that and offered to take the children off her hands, so she could return to the stage, but she wasn't falling for that line any and she told them that she and the kids were sticking together and asking no favors of them old bluebloods.

Of course she didn't say it in those words, Bird, she said it like a blueblood herself, and I guess on the stage she could be more like a blueblood than a blueblood hisself; but I myself could never get the hang of talkin' that way.

Well, the old folks tries to work the kids away from her, but it can't be done so they consents to take in Mis' Barlay too, but by that time Mis' Barlay's up on her high horse and what she and the kids don't tell them bluebloods ain't worth tellin'. So the old folks washes their hands of 'em and don't send 'em a cent after that.

"I thought of going back to the stage," Mis' Barlay says to me, "but I knew I didn't have it in me any more. I'd tried to live up to my husband's name for so long," she says, "that I got just as stiff and colorless as all it stood for."

But it seems she'd got some promises for the girl Stella in a juvenile part so they was livin' in hopes of that. Then the boy could take the dancin' lessons he needed for this ballet business, and she'd be free to figure out somethin' for herself too. So the girl practised her diction—that's what she called it, Bird—and even done it at the table to get the habit of it, and the ladies all thought it was just put on. "The main thing," Mis' Barlay tells me, "was for us to keep our identity till something happened. But it hasn't and it won't," she says,

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"that's why I'm not holding out any longer."

"But will they take you in now?" I asks her.

"They're sending the car for us tonight," she says; "they've been rather decent. You see, they've just got word that their son's dead. Death softens old people," she says.

I near die then, Bird, her callin' her husband just their son and saying all of a sudden he was dead.

I looked at her close. But she'd brightened up again and didn't show anything. "You'd rather not go, wouldn't you?" I says, "and I ain't said you couldn't stay, have I?"

She took my hand then. "You're very kind," she says, "but don't you see, the children want to now. They're too loyal to go without me but they'd never forgive me for depriving them of the advantages that are rightfully theirs," she says. "Yes, I'm sure it's best we go."

"But what about Stella's acting and the boy's dancing—will the old folks stand for that?" I asks.

She smiled queer-like. "The children don't talk of those things any more," she says. "They only talk of the fine rooms they'll have, the soft beds, the shower baths every morning—and they won't have to miss a meal to sneak them. Don't you see," she says, "it's too hard to think of the big things when the little things count so much."

She seemed to be through with me then so I stands up and shuffles towards the door. "Tell the ladies," she says, "that I didn't mean to be unfriendly. It was simply that I was so afraid of losing my—myself," she says, stumbling like that. "But maybe I lost it anyway," she says. "Sneaking baths, the fighting like a street woman—maybe that's why I'm leaving."

Well, Bird, that was all pretty high-tone talk for me, and you know I didn't quite get the hang of it all till that night I see her and the kids comin' down the steps bag and baggage, the girl and the boy runnin' ahead all excited and jumpin' in that swell limousine that was sent for them, and Missus smiling back sort of bewildered-like, as if she wasn't sure she had everything with her, and me too wonderin' what was missin' from her, and then I sees what it is: the fox fur she give me. Yes, Bird, I sees her goin' without that fox fur danglin' from her and it seems to me like that fox fur is her pride and she's goin' away without it. And then it seems to me, Bird, that pride ain't somethin' you can keep in spite of anything like I was taught it was, but somethin' that goes pretty easy from the proudest of us without our bein' able to do much about it.

And you know, Bird, I couldn't bring myself to sell that fur. I kept thinkin' that maybe some day she'd want it back. I would have sent it to her the very next day, the way I felt about her goin' to them old grouches, and the girl maybe never gettin' on the stage but becomin' a snob, and the boy perhaps growin' up to sell insurance, but late that very night she left I wakes up with a terrible crash and Mr. O'Donnell yells out that the world is comin' to an end. Well, I runs up to the old fool's room and there all the plastering is fell, and him dancin' around like a loon, sayin' the hour of judgment is at hand. Well, after that I figures I'll hang onto that fur after all, and in case Mis' Barlay never does come for it I'll turn it in and it'll pay for redecorating Mr. O'Donnell's room for one thing, because like as not it was the boy's dancin' that weakened that ceiling so it fell, don't you think so, Bird?

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The Garden of Sweden

By Rodger L. Simons

Although enthusiasts who placed the original Garden of Eden in Swedish territory may have been wrong, Swedes have been singularly blessed in recent years

Did you know that Adam and Eve were Swedes? Of course it may not be wholly true. But at least some enthusiastic historians have endeavored to prove a contention to this effect. It started when Olof Rudbeck, a zealous Swedish scientist, historian, anatomist and archeologist about 1675 wrote a curious book called *Atland*, in which he proposed and defended the thesis that immediately after the Deluge Sweden was settled and colonized by Japheth, Noah's third son, and that in that country may be found evidences of man's earliest tenancy of the planet. Saturating himself in classical Greek lore, Rudbeck could not escape the conclusion that the fabled Atlantis was none other than his own Sweden. This fantastic claim was twisted by his followers into the even more weird belief that Sweden was the original Biblical paradise.

That is enough to tax the credulity of even the most confirmed Sveaphile. (Sveaphile: coined word meaning a lover of Sweden.) But evidence is at hand in substantiation of the premise that Twentieth Century Swedes have in many ways approached rather close to a paradise by current, earthly standards. They scorn foreign loans, when other nations borrow heavily to balance budgets. They hew military expenditures to a wisp, when other nations prattle of increased armaments and the "necessity" of national defense. They hold unemployment at an amazingly low figure, when other nations writhe in the agony of impoverished millions. They maintain their big corporations on an intact or only slightly reduced dividend basis, when other nations consider themselves lucky even to keep business in scant and skeleton operation. They give liberal patronage to art, drama, shops, restaurants, when other nations admit the virtual elimination of "luxury buying." They plow through an international economic collapse with their major political, social and economic institutions in full swing, when other nations turn to "subsistence farming" and declare every sort of moratorium. They emerge from the worst national scandal of their history, yet face the future in confidence, chins up, spirits high, when other nations hold their heads in horror and moan, in the scriptural phrase, "How long, oh Lord, how long?"

When I recently went to Sweden to do some newspaper work it was under

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rather inauspicious circumstances from the standpoint of personal background. Having lived most of my years in Minnesota, I was habituated to hearing the phrase "big Swede" used as a term of opprobrium, if not an outright epithet. But a sojourn in that land of magically clear air, delightfully cool sunshine and quietly gracious people has shown me what a compliment it is to be called a Swede. And similarly I found in the underlying stability, the fine racial sanity, of the Swedish people a thing to incite the admiration and envy of larger but less harmonious countries.

II

Arriving in Stockholm a couple of months before the Kreuger blow-up, I had a chance to observe the Swedish people before, during and after this grievous national calamity. Findings subsequent to the disclosure of the Match King's perfidy indicate that his importance to Sweden had been rather generally overestimated during the years of his ascendancy. Only 6,000 workers or hardly more than one per cent of Sweden's industrial population were employed in the Kreuger match factories. Such concerns as the Skandinaviska Kreditaktiebolaget and the L. M. Ericsson Telephone Company have wrenched their way out of a disastrously close affiliation with the late financier's antics and even the Swedish Match Company has effected an apparently firm reorganization. But none of this was anticipated or hoped for when there burst the ghastly news of Kreuger's treachery.

For considerably more than a decade Sweden had cherished and admired the Match Monarch as her foremost private citizen. Not only had he been esteemed by Scandinavians and the world at large as a tower of financial strength and acuity but he had advanced the growth of prosperity in his own country, directly and indirectly stimulated Swedish life in many worthy channels, made his nation's capital a centre of international importance, cultivated Sweden's good will among foreign nations and in several respects practically built modern Stockholm, for much of which record his countrymen can still be grateful to Ivar Kreuger. And then for the Swedish people to see their great national idol turn sour was a blow of such magnitude and gravity that it could be fully appreciated only by one who lived among them through those trying weeks. Regrettable as was the financial ruin which engulfed many people, the loss of personal and national prestige was an even greater tragedy to the Swedes, a very sensitively attuned race even under normal conditions. The courage and hardihood which they displayed in climbing out of so severe a holocaust deserve from other peoples a degree of admiration as intense as was the resentment felt on the world's money markets over Kreuger's collapse.

That the general economic situation was bad is attributable less to the Kreuger manipulations than to the world crisis at large, for, having a large export trade, Sweden was hard hit by the depression. But, having stayed out of the European conflict of 1914 to 1918, she had no War debts to wiggle out of, no reconstruction problems to drain her resources and no army of cripples, invalids and mendicants to support. And the second quarter of 1933 brought appreciable signs and feeling of improvement. An increased confidence abroad, bountiful harvests at home, a brisk activity in Sweden's industrial life, a rise in employment, an increased liveliness in both

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export and home market industries and an improvement in the foreign trade situation have militated in favor of a steadiness for the present, a hope for the future and a belief that the worst of the depression is past.

To this sanguine feeling much has also been contributed by the policies of the Social-Democratic Administration, which went into power at the elections two years ago this fall with Per Albin Hansson as Premier. They have already sliced four million dollars off the national defense budget by lessening the number of conscripts serving terms in what may laughingly be called the army, at the same time setting about to create jobs that would absorb the unemployment thus set up. A few million more lopped off here and another chunk whacked off there have wrought further savings to the national pocket book. They have even turned down the proposal of adding a hundred thousand crowns to the yearly annuity of Prince Gustav Adolph, eldest son of the Crown Prince, for the support of his bride, the young couple being expected to scrape along on his bachelor allowance of ninety thousand crowns a year—about $20,000. Though the party in power has been forced to expand the budget somewhat during the past two years, this difference has been met by a twenty per cent advance in the income tax rate and a substantial boost in estate duties and in the tax on liquor and tobacco. (Though the Conservatives eagerly predict the fall of the Social-Democratic Administration, that party is firmly in power and there seems little likelihood of its being displaced until the national elections of 1936, and perhaps not then. There are local elections this fall, but, as in this country, they will only serve as feelers for the 1936 contest.)

At about the peak of American unemployment, along about November, 1932, when there were some twelve million out of work in the United States, the figure for Sweden was 147,000. In proportion to the two populations this means that unemployment in Sweden was about one-seventh of what it stood at in the States, and part of that was a normal seasonal unemployment due to the usual laying up of ships during the winter season and the consequent temporary discharge of seamen. The two years since then have shown a steady improvement in this situation and latest official records are that more than one hundred parishes in Sweden no longer report to the unemployment commission in Stockholm, which means that they have no idle. Since the building trades strike was settled last spring there has been a boom in that line, while at the big Sandviken Steel Mills north of Stockholm there is an actual shortage of labor.

While in both volume and proportion Sweden's unemployment seems trivial by contrast with our own condition, it has been a source of considerable worry to the Swedes. And they have set about correcting it in a typically sane Swedish way, without recourse to such passive methods as the British dole or such uneconomic measures as the wholesale and indiscriminate manufacture of jobs. Thus they have recently spent $30,000,000 on new motor roads and plans are under way for the expenditure of another twenty-five million on this work. (In addition the current year's motor vehicle tax of $16,000,000 will largely be used on roads.) The electrification of railways represents another outlet for Swedish relief funds. Extensive stretches of line have already been wired and the next step will be to carry the electrify-

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ing north and west of Stockholm, a job costing $10,000,000. Still another outlet for federal money is in the erection of modern government buildings. Among these have been a new central customs house and a state archives building, both in Stockholm. Additional ways in which the government has tangibly advanced the country's welfare by providing work for idle hands in more than 190 different localities include canals, improved forest culture, new automatic telephone stations, water power plants, landing fields for cross-country aviation, and the extensive drainage of swamps, through which vast tracts of land have been converted from worthless marshes into productive timber tracts.

The wages at which this relief work is done vary according to local conditions and range from eight to twenty-three per cent below the stipend received by regular workmen in the same districts. This has avoided the unappetizing spectacle so common in the United States of seeing workers on relief paid more than their fellows in the community. The policy of the present Social-Democratic Administration in Sweden is to favor an elimination of relief work and they insist sternly on the rule that to be eligible for relief funds the beneficiary must be willing to go wherever he is sent and work at any task assigned him, a discouragement to malingerers. The normal Swedish wage scale is high and the standard of living is above that in Great Britain.

III

Sweden is a land where the older economists have always been taken seriously and heed paid to their counsels. It is a country to which political and social thinkers and theorists are wont to point as exemplifying various advanced ideas in these fields. Thus one of Sweden's outstanding achievements in recent months has been the evolution and preservation of a stable monetary policy through the working out of that dream long-cherished in political economy, a system of "managed money." When in September, 1931, Sweden relinquished the gold standard a week after Great Britain had done so, it became the immediate concern of her bankers and economists to evolve a programme which would guarantee a fixed and steady internal purchasing power to the Swedish crown or krona. This was accomplished by basing its value on the domestic price level and the demands of the nation's own economic life and not, as has sometimes been alleged and misrepresented, by pegging the crown either to gold or to the pound sterling. Ten months later, as a result of these efforts, exchange fluctuations had been minimized, wholesale prices had been brought to a firm level and Swedish currency, within the realm, stood at exactly the same value as when she left the gold standard.

Equally interesting has been Sweden's success in the fields of collective labor bargaining and coöperative merchandising. In Sweden as elsewhere the trade union movement spread first among the workers and was later and somewhat defensively adopted by the employers. The General Federation of Swedish Trades Unions, established in 1898, is made up of more than forty trade and industrial unions with a total membership of 600,000, a goodly number in a country where more than half of the six million citizens are dependent upon agriculture for immediate livelihood. The general strike of 1902 gave rise to numerous employer groups, of which the Swedish Employers' Union has emerged as foremost. Agreements

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between workmen and employers are usually made for a term of two years, with provisions for negotiation in settlement of disputes arising during the contract period. Breach of agreement is punishable through the imposition of fines by a Labor Court, whether the offending party be employer, trade union or workman. This machinery for adjustment has been the product of a slow, evolutionary process, with practically no federal intervention or the forcing of an issue by the state, as frequently seen in the administration of the NRA in this country. These organizations, both employers' and employes', have not entirely erased such occurrences as strikes, lockouts and blockades in Sweden, as evidenced by the flare-up in the pulp mills in 1932 and the more recent strike in the building trades. Nor does the trade union idea meet with acclaim from the great bulk of middle class Swedes, who see in the movement a conferring on labor of an ease and security which is denied the office worker and the small professional man. (The conservative press is rife with charges of "class legislation.") But the unions on both sides have fostered an increasing degree of labor bargaining and collective agreement, which is considerably more than could have been observed in recent labor upheavals in our United States.

Even greater success has attended Sweden's experience with coöperative marketing, manufacturing and building societies. Outstanding among these is the Coöperative Union, which has been growing and evolving for thirty-five years until now one family out of three in Sweden belongs to one of its member societies. Last year this group recorded a turnover of nearly a hundred million dollars' worth of clothing, provisions and household necessities through its 3,900 stores. Visitors to Sweden will recall the ubiquity of those neat little chromium-trimmed shops bearing the one word "*konsum*" in lower case letters on sign or window.

These coöperative purchasing societies draw their capital from the dues of members—one hundred crowns or about twenty dollars apiece for life, paid in a lump or accumulated at three per cent on purchases at the society's stores. Full-paid members draw rebates of three per cent on goods bought. These bonuses may be taken out as a dividend, may be turned over for credit to the member's name in a savings account with the society or may apply as a premium on one of the insurance plans which are offered to members. Merchandise is sometimes sold to non-members, but the practice is not encouraged except in the case of such of its manufactured goods as the society is trying to turn out under the economies of large scale production. The die-hards in these consumer societies abhor all such intercourse with outsiders and regard it as defiling the temple when the stores deal with the general public or employ private capital.

These stores are to some extent but not exclusively stocked from the Society's own manufacturing plants—flour mills, bakeries, shoe and tire factories, electric lamp works, and others, all of them laid out on the drafting boards of the central architectural offices. Control of their own factories has thus enabled the coöperatives to equate production to demand in a manner which other nations can only envy.

Consumer coöperation in Sweden manifests itself in sundry other ways, such as the electric power societies, in which the participants make and use their own "juice," and the coöperative building societies, in which families oc-

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cupying a residential block will band together, buy the block and form a coöperative society. Spreading to the agricultural sphere, there are coöperative dairies, bacon factories, seed-breeders' associations, fruit-growers' societies, farmers' purchasing groups, egg-marketing combines and, very literally, "other articles too humorous to mention." It all savors of the old gag about taking in each other's washing, but like so many other things, it seems to work pretty well in Sweden.

IV

Ultra-conservatives in America who are prone to shudder and shriek "Socialism" at any deviations from the norm find in Sweden's coöperative spirit a fit subject over which to shake frowned heads. And our radical element hails that country as the modern land of milk and honey. Of course neither attitude is accurate. Individual initiative and private enterprise are anything but dead in Sweden, as evidenced in a wide variety of business from the small one-man operator to the gigantic industrial organizations that build electric generators for Australia and launch great ships to take them there. And on the consumer end, there are plenty of stand-patters in Sweden who can not quite reconcile themselves to the basic principle of the coöperatives and who willingly pay a little more at private stores "for the principle of the thing." As for the "danger" of Communism (or Nazism or Fascism) the frequent demonstrations against such doctrines and the general feeling of press and public reveal very clearly that the threat is of no moment. (A proposal last April to advance $25,000,000 worth of Swedish goods to the Soviets on credit was refused by the Swedish Government. Of similar import is the forbiddance of the wearing of the Nazi uniform in Sweden and the closing by official edict of the Nazi headquarters in a Stockholm hotel.)

Facts and figures from many sources show the surprising extent to which Sweden has climbed out of the slough of economic despond. The value of securities on the Stockholm Stock Exchange has been rising for some time, the returns of many big corporations being extremely high. The importation of gasoline in June increased from thirty-eight to fifty million liters and the value of motor cars from sixteen to forty-five million dollars. The ore export in June was 662,000 tons, as against 211,000 tons a year ago, an increase of considerably over a million dollars. Employment figures published by the Board of Social Welfare show a steady rise during all of last year and this. In both the north and south of Sweden the cutting of timber has increased in keeping with the boom in building and pulp mill requirements. Shipping and rail traffic have been much larger this year than last, and so too have bank cheque clearings. The big Götaverken shipyards at Gothenburg, largest in the north country, have been running full blast, with all nine building berths occupied. In several branches of the staple industries the volume of production has approached or exceeded the level of boom years. The same has been true in the luxury fields. Thus the spring motor boat show in Stockholm netted a volume of orders far in excess of anticipation. (Though to include motor boats among "luxury" buying in Sweden may be slightly inept, so many are her waterways and so necessary are water craft.)

With an area a little greater than California's and a population less than that of Greater New York, how has it

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been possible for Sweden, so small a nation, to accomplish as much as she has? The answer is found both in the natural wealth of the country, her timber resources, water power, mineral deposits and farming lands, and in the rugged and fundamental attributes inherent in the Swedish mind and temperament. Not only is there no illiteracy in Sweden, school attendance having been compulsory since 1842, but the Swedes are an advanced and highly cultured race, especially gifted as technicians, engineers and organizers. With farmers' sons attending college and there fraternizing with the scions of wealth and royalty, a resultant feeling of democracy pervades all classes. The peasants, far from becoming downtrodden serfs as in other lands, aspire and rise to positions of honor in the Government. (Thus of the 230 members who sit in the new Swedish Chamber, ninety-three are farmers.)

In brief, the Swedes have come close to a realization and attainment of what their Premier calls a "*samförstand*"—a Utopian dream of mutual understanding. It is a misfortune that other nations can not do as much.

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The World Propaganda War

By William E. Berchtold

There is hardly a nation in the world whose government is not busier tampering with public opinion than seeking solutions for grave and universal problems

Propaganda has played a part in government since before the birth of Christ, but never were the instruments of mass impression—the press, radio, screen, platform, schools—so extensive or so effectively harnessed by dictators and monarchs and presidents as they are today. Governments around the world consider it more important to concoct effective propaganda on the political, social and economic problems confronting their nationals than it is to solve those problems. The propaganda technique varies from nation to nation, but the object is the same. Berlin and Rome and Moscow and Tokio and Nanking and Paris and Washington all have their propaganda machines in action with outputs for both national and international consumption.

The propaganda bombardment between nations has reached such a feverish pitch that every government is using some device to shield its nationals from such outside influences as it may consider antipathetic to its own propaganda objectives. The walls of censorship have been thrown up around the borders of three-fourths of the nations of the world, and where frank censorship does not exist other media of control have been brought into play to effect the same ends. The governmental propagandist has found censorship an invaluable aid in filtering out "foreign" influences which interfere with the effectiveness of strictly national propaganda. How long the United States, Great Britain, Holland and the Scandinavian countries (which stand almost alone in a world ringed by open or secret censorships) can keep from following the lead of Germany, Italy, Soviet Russia, Japan, China and most of the other nations of the world in the employment of censors depends largely on the continued effectiveness of other controls.

The terms "propaganda" and "censorship" have long been considered anathema to Americans. Not even during the World War, when our machinery for censorship and propaganda was as elaborate and as nefarious as that of any other nation, did we permit these terms to come into open and frank usage. It is not likely, therefore, that we shall follow the noisy, bungling leadership of Dr. Joseph Paul Göbbels despite his prediction that "within five years the whole world will imitate our most modern journalistic statutes." Our technique, the evidences of which are

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already visible to those who care to look, will be far more subtle. It will permit the majority of our editors and publishers to maintain their traditional composure toward the imperviousness of America's press to propaganda.

Despite the loud and somewhat farcical attempt of some newspaper publishers to insert "freedom of the press" issues into their fight against NRA codification early this year, there has been no danger of formal censorship of the press in the United States. There has been no need for censorship in either the United States or Great Britain, the only two major nations unquestionably outside its ban today. Both countries have preferred to leave their nationals completely exposed to the daily bombardment of governmental propagandists of all nations. The result has been bewildering to the individual, unequipped to give true values to the thousandfold impressions which assault the eye and ear through the press, radio and screen, but it has been salutary to the objectives of the propagandists at home. Both the National Government in England and the Roosevelt Administration in the United States have capitalized on this bewildered confusion of the individual. How long that state will continue to prove most effective remains to be seen.

II

Dr. Göbbels, whose blustering frankness frequently exceeds his good judgment, says, "The press must be the keyboard on which the government can play." The German law which he calls "the most modern journalistic statute in the world" forbids the publication of "matter calculated to weaken the power of the Reich at home or abroad, the community will of the German people, its military spirit or its culture and economy." The Government licenses journalists who may practise, requiring all applicants to be at least twenty-one years old, Aryans and German citizens who have the "consecration requisite for the task of influencing the public." Another statute provides prison terms and capital punishment for persons who distribute anti-Nazi propaganda printed abroad and smuggled into Germany. Dr. Göbbels has left no room for doubt in the minds of the German people but that as Minister of Propaganda and Popular Enlightenment he dictates what they shall read, see and hear without competition from outside influences. The German state of mind following Hitler's ascendancy to power is reflected in the fact that vast audiences cheered wildly when Göbbels told and retold them of his policies for banishing freedom of speech and of the press. Freedom in the abstract means little to men who are hungry! But not even propaganda is a substitute for bread, as Göbbels himself should be learning in the recent economic collapse of the New Germany.

Propaganda, nevertheless, furnished the very life-blood for Hitler's Third Reich. It whipped the nation into a frenzy of nationalistic ecstasy. Germans soon found themselves attending mammoth mass meetings to hear Nazi spellbinders, reading newspapers, magazines and books crowded with Nazi philosophy, seeing motion pictures, dramas and operas glorifying the spirit of the New Germany, wearing pins, neckties and watch charms adorned with the *Hakenkreuz*, smoking *Kameradshaft* or *Sturm* cigarettes with pictures of Nazi heroes stuffed into each pack, listening to endless political speeches blaring from radios, walking along streets lined with flags, posters and pictures of Nazi lead-

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ers—during every waking hour of the day the spirit and the power of the New Germany has been impressed upon the individual. Nothing has been overlooked. Hanussen's *Berliner Wochenschau*, whose circulation increased tremendously as despair turned the lower middle classes to astrology, even established the wildest dreams of the Nazis as coming true through revelations in the horoscopes of von Hindenburg, Hitler, von Papen and others. Familiar Christmas carols sung by Germans for centuries have appeared in revised editions substituting the name of Hitler for that of Christ! That the German people have been able to withstand these heavy doses of national propaganda, all directed from the office of Herr Göbbels, is a tribute only to their long suffering endurance.

But Nazi propaganda has been manufactured for export as well as home consumption. Communiqués loaded with misinformation, but designed to create a favorable attitude toward Germany outside her borders, were fed to the regular correspondents of all nations resident in Berlin. Carried as "news," because they bore the stamp of government authority, they quickly spread such stories as Communism's threat in Germany and portrayed Hitler as the savior of the entire capitalistic world. The General League of German Anti-Communist Associations spread pamphlets in the United States, Great Britain, France, Switzerland and the Balkans picturing the Reichstag fire as the pre-arranged signal for "Red" revolt in Germany. Dr. Göbbels recognizes that the "Red Spook" is still the most effective of bogies in capitalistic nations!

Money has flowed freely in the achieving of Nazi propaganda aims outside the Third Reich. Delegations of junketing journalists from Yugoslavia, Finland, Estonia and other neighboring countries have been entertained lavishly. As our own congressional committee investigating "un-American" practices revealed, correspondents from the United States were to have been fêted in Germany also.

III

The story of national propaganda in Italy, which made its impress upon the Italian people for ten eventful years before the rise of Hitler's Third Reich, is similar to that which Dr. Göbbels has been feeding to the New Germany in such large doses during the last year and a half. Mussolini has said repeatedly that the Italian press is free "because it serves only one cause and one régime." The press, radio, screen and other instruments of mass impression are all embraced by the Fascist totalitarian dogma: "Everything for the state; nothing outside the state." The younger generation has grown up without being subjected to political, economic or social influences outside the government-approved propaganda. Just as news of world affairs now reaches the German press through the government-controlled Wolff agency, so the 100-per cent government-controlled Stefani agency supplies the Italian press. Editors are given daily instructions by Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law and press dictator, on what to play up, what to eliminate and how to comment on important events of the day. The result, like that in Germany, is a dull uniformity of the nation's press with all newspapers from Naples to Venice and from Brindisi to Genoa closely resembling Mussolini's own organ *Il Popolo d'Italia* of Milan. The stage is always set for its

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maximum propaganda effect. Even when the squadron of Italian seaplanes spanned the South Atlantic, all Italy was given twenty-four hours to celebrate the news so gratifying to national pride before the people were told that five fliers were killed, three planes lost and one disabled. Propaganda has been a major force in sustaining the Fascist dictatorship for more than a decade, but an economic crisis has been brewing in Italy which even propaganda may have difficulty in counteracting, although Italian propaganda manufactured for export has made a strong attempt toward such an achievement. Italy would profit, for instance, by an international boycott against Japanese goods and Italian propaganda vividly pictures the dangers of the Japanese "cheap labor menace." Italy's entire silk output for the year is being held in warehouses pending some indication of the effectiveness of this propaganda against Japan.

Japan's own propaganda, while not as obvious as that of Germany or Italy, has been quite as extensive both inside and outside her own national borders. The white heat of patriotism dominates her national programme. As in Germany and Italy, the press is not only censored but Japanese editors are deluged with so many commands on what to print as well as what not to print that life is far from easy for those who seek to keep out of the hands of the police. News of world affairs is filtered into Japan through the government-controlled Rengo agency, insuring the elimination of influences foreign to the militant nationalistic propaganda which seeks to cut away modern culture, root and branch, in the same way that Nazi propaganda supports caste pride by glorifying the primitive and tribal past of the race. Japanese and German propagandists have found considerable common ground in the spread of anti-Communistic propaganda throughout the world, particularly in the United States and Latin America. Their coincidence of interests has been sufficient to warrant the Nazi Race Investigation Bureau of Berlin to find that "Japanese blood contains so large an admixture of Caucasian as to make it suitable for alliance with that of the purest Nordic." The Japanese, consequently, have been recognized as good Aryans and do not come under the ban prohibiting the marriage of Germans to non-Aryans.

Japan's jingoistic national propaganda has so convinced the Japanese of the inevitability of war with the United States that it is proving a boomerang to Japan's own war plans, which explains the stream of honeyed Japanese interviews which have found their way into the American press in recent months to temper the American fear of war in the Pacific and slow down the American plans for larger naval and air forces. The Japanese press gave unusual prominence to the failure of the United States Army Air Corps to fly the air mail, intimating that the American air forces are disorganized, untrained and poorly equipped. Such stories aid in tempering the jingoistic flood of Japanese national propaganda, which contributed in no small way to the hurried reestablishment of relations between the United States and the U.S.S.R. at the opening of the Roosevelt Administration. Japan is fast extending its sphere of trade influence in South America, and with its trade goes political propaganda, chiefly against the United States, to offset the favorable effects of the American-inspired Pan-American propaganda, which appears to be hitting its mark bet-

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ter than in the days of more obvious *Yanqui* imperialism.

IV

Every Latin American country with the exception, at the present time, of Mexico is walled by an open or secret censorship on both ingoing and outgoing communications. Mexico has frequently employed censorships during the past decade in times of internal emergencies, but there is none in force now. Peru and Venezuela are ringed by the tightest of censorships. Peru, with a government which has been tottering for some time, suppresses news of political disturbances in all parts of the world. Peruvians at this writing have not yet heard of the San Francisco strike, Hitler's "purging" outrage, or the thousand-and-one uprisings, strikes, or revolutions which fill dispatches from all parts of the world. Sport fans in Peru must think it a bit queer that the results of the Wimbledon tennis matches in July have not yet appeared in their newspapers, if they have any curiosity in that direction. Through one of the quirks of bureaucratic censorship, the news stories containing the scores by games and sets were suppressed by the wary censor, apparently because the succession of figures gave the impression of furnishing some sinister code words which might have a political significance.

The war in the Chaco has been the subject for an intense propaganda bombardment by both sides, resembling on a smaller scale the war lies which the Allied and Central Powers spread from 1914 to 1918. Atrocities, casualties and victories are purely a matter for manufacture on the typewriters of the war propagandists of both sides behind the lines. If the official communiqués of the warring nations are to be given credence, the total casualties have already surpassed the total population, male and female, of both countries! Strict censorship, coupled with active propaganda of the most nefarious kind, insures a wholly partisan view of the war to the nationals of each side. The radio has provided no end of headaches for government officials of the several South American countries which have been involved in revolutions or wars during the last half dozen years. It is easy enough to control national radio stations within the borders of each country, but there is no way to shut out the partisan blasts of high-powered stations in neighboring countries. In the first battle of the Leticia, for instance, the strict censorship in Peru kept Peruvians from learning of the battle until Colombian radio stations went on the air with reports colored from their own particular nationalistic viewpoint. The only way to counteract such demoralizing radio broadcasts by neighboring countries is to use government-controlled stations at home to furnish nationals with reassuring announcements of the "truth." France, Germany, Austria and Italy have similarly used the radio in a round of intensive attacks and counter-attacks upon the League of Nations, Fascism and Nazism for the benefit of neighbors in the Saar, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Danzig, Poland and the Balkans.

In Europe, censorship coupled with active propaganda machines dominate not only Germany and Italy, but France, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Rumania, Greece, Turkey, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia and Soviet Russia. France achieves her ends by employing the sly subterfuge of los-

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ing, delaying or garbling dispatches which are unfavorable to the Foreign Office's viewpoint. Her propaganda is carried to the ends of the earth, and particularly to her colonies and to countries sympathetic to her viewpoint, through the heavily subsidized news agency, Havas. Perhaps her strongest bulwark has been built in the courting of Francophiles with ribbons and honors. Greece uses not only honors but money to bribe journalists who happen to be swayed easily through such influences. Switzerland, a hotbed for international propagandists who cluster around Geneva, promulgated a law this year which authorizes the Federal Government to take action against Swiss newspapers "which threaten to disturb the good relations between Switzerland and other countries"; the Press Commission of reactionary editors and publishers appointed to act as prosecuting attorney, jury and judge against possible violators closed up *Le Moment*, Geneva's Socialist daily, as its first act. Czechoslovakia, the last Central European country to keep up even the appearance of democratic government, has frequently but quietly censored, fined, confiscated and suppressed publications (particularly Slovak periodicals) which do not reflect the "right" view of the Czech-dominated republic. Spain has suffered a relapse from its first attempts at complete freedom of speech and of the press, chiefly because of the flood of foreign propaganda and the uncertainty of the effectiveness of its national propaganda against such odds. Portugal, Hungary, Rumania, Turkey, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia are without open censorships, but the governments' reign of terror against those who oppose the powers-that-be has convinced editors and publishers of the desirability of printing the government communiqués and omitting anything which might prove displeasing. Because Balkan editors are constantly in danger of printing something which may incur the wrath of their governments, most publications employ a *gérant responsable*, a responsible editor, who takes the rap on everything that is punishable by the unwritten law of the country and gets paid for spending most of his time in jail. Even little Andorra, whose 5,000 inhabitants have never had a newspaper or even a printing press in their own country, has followed the fashion in censorships this year. The ban is directed against Andorran news published in Spanish newspapers which may be critical of the existing powers in the little Pyrenean country; the punishment for those who import banned publications involves a term in chains in the dungeon of Andorra's jail.

V

The only nation in the world which frankly and openly censors news dispatches going outside its borders is Soviet Russia. Foreign correspondents take their dispatches directly to the censor, who reads them in their presence. If there is anything in the dispatch which is prohibited, the correspondent is frankly so advised and is given the reason why the Government feels that the material should not be sent. The correspondent is even afforded an opportunity to debate the matter with the censor, and frequently obtains permission to send dispatches which might be prohibited under a strict interpretation of the rules in force. The Soviet censorship, once so rigid that it afforded propagandists in Riga, Helsingfors, Tokio and Bucharest an opportunity to obtain wide credence for fantastic stories about Russian life and conditions, is now far

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less rigid than that in Berlin or Rome. As Karl Bickel, president of the United Press, said upon his return from a trip to Moscow last spring: "The Russian censorship, from an American newspaperman's viewpoint, is probably the most intelligent and sanely conducted operation of its kind." The chief difficulty experienced by American correspondents in the Soviet Union is not with the censors, but rather in the magnitude of the task of covering the activities of 150,000,000 people spread over one-sixth of the earth's surface and engaged in a gigantic social and economic project. The whole of the Russian scene, so far as American newspaper readers are concerned, must be viewed through the eyes of not more than two dozen correspondents for American newspapers and press associations.

The news of the world moves into Soviet Russia through the news agency Tass. Its dispatches might be said to display a "communistic viewpoint" of world affairs to the same degree that dispatches of the Associated Press or United Press reflect a "capitalistic viewpoint." There is no need for the daily dictation of policy from some central point, such as that in vogue in Germany and Italy, because the Soviet newspapers are manned by party leaders and owned by the state. While the number and circulation of newspapers in Germany and Italy have declined rapidly under the thumb of dictatorship, Russian newspapers have increased from less than 500 to more than 4,000 within a decade and circulations have soared to the limit of production facilities. *Izvestia* and *Pravda* have a combined circulation of nearly 3,000,000, a point at which it is arbitrarily held. One year of Hitlerism in Germany swept 600 newspapers and periodicals out of existence and dropped the circulation of those that remain from twenty-five to forty per cent. The Soviet newspapers, dependent upon neither advertising nor circulation for their existence, have proved the backbone of the vast programme of propaganda necessary to change completely the ideology of a nation. Motion pictures, museums, plays, radio and every other modern device have been utilized to the fullest extreme to accomplish the ends of proletarian leadership in the shortest time possible. Since Communism is an international and not strictly a national movement, its philosophy has been actively spread to all parts of the world through propaganda. That the chief results of Communist propaganda in the United States until recent years have been negative, few will deny; but there are unmistakable signs of unrest now which give new potency to persistent campaigning.

VI

Great Britain and the United States, the targets for a major share of the propaganda of all nations because both are without censorships, must rely upon other controls to make their own governmental propaganda effective. That the National Government in England is having an increasingly difficult task in that direction is no secret. Although the Government has an overwhelming majority in Parliament, its weakness in the constituencies presents a paradox which is giving concern to exponents of the National Government, who foresee the probability of a Socialistic victory in the next election. The immense support which the Government enjoyed from popular journalism in the general election of 1931 is waning. The *Daily Herald* and the *News Chronicle* together give the Socialist opposition the power

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of their vast circulations. For different reasons, the *Daily Mail* and *Daily Express* batter the National Government from the other side. It is from one of the earliest champions of National Government then that we hear pleas for "more effective propaganda" to offset this mounting disadvantage. J. L. Garvin in the London *Observer* is openly advocating a Ministry of Propaganda for Great Britain:

"It is almost impossible in a Parliamentary country like ours to devise press laws which would enable any Government of the day to secure in every newspaper—without interference otherwise—the command of a certain amount of space for the direct statement of its policy and proceedings to the whole people. Yet National Government ought to be capable of exceptional authority. . . . There ought to be a Minister of Propaganda in every Cabinet. Amidst the universal democracy of today—with a larger proportion than ever before of electors totally ignorant with regard to every difficult public question—the work of continual explanation and enlightenment is absolutely vital. It never can be done except by a Minister who can give his whole time to it and he ought to be a vivacious man of first ability. The Government cannot begin to compensate for its unique disabilities in the popular press unless it make a bolder and more vivid use of loudspeakers, color and symbolism than has ever before been heard or seen in British politics. It is futile to rebel against the popular conditions. Either you ought not to have instituted democracy unlimited or you ought to realize once for all that it can only be attracted and stirred by primary means."

Such a suggestion would have been greeted as heretical in England a decade ago, but today it is only a mild approach to the modern propaganda technique being employed all over the world. Each government looks upon its own maintenance of power as absolutely necessary to avert national catastrophe, if not the end of civilization itself. There is no need in the United States, however, for either a Minister of Propaganda (we would probably call him "Secretary of Public Relations") or for censorship. The very suggestion of either one would set the self-appointed guardians of our free press quaking like aspens in a stiff breeze. President Roosevelt is far too cagey for that!

The Roosevelt Administration is leaning more heavily upon propaganda to bolster up the New Deal than any peacetime administration in our history. The skeleton organization for a very formidable Department of Propaganda has been set up and operating in Washington since March 4, 1933, but out of deference to the traditional American aversion to the term "propaganda" it is known by no such name nor has it been dignified with the title of a Department. The New Deal is employing the largest and most experienced staff of publicity experts ever to grace the government's payroll. It includes more than 100 writers and twice that number of minor employes.

No President has ever paid such close attention to the planning of his public acts to capitalize on their propaganda value both at home and abroad. Many a minister of propaganda could afford to take a few pages out of the Roosevelt notebook as well as a few cues from the newspaper-trained trio who make up the White House Secretariat: Louis McHenry Howe, Stephen Early and Marvin McIntyre. The President is a mas-

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ter of American publicity tactics. He has an intimate knowledge of the technical intricacies of news dissemination, motion picture production, news photography and radio broadcasting. He appears to get as much pleasure out of a well-turned publicity *coup* as he might from some great stroke of statesmanship. When the press bungles one of his well laid propaganda plans, he shows his only lapse from his usual smiling composure. His Message to the Heads of Nations is a case in point. It was calculated to have a salutary effect on American foreign relations, but turned out to be a dud because the New York *Times* had speculated on the probability of debt cancelations being included in the message. Its honeyed words, with no mention of debt cancelation, fell flat in the Foreign Offices abroad, which had been keyed up by the *Times* to expect a momentous event. The *Times* correspondent received the most serious rebuke meted out by the President since he started his twice weekly conference with the press at the White House last year.

No President has ever won over the White House press corps more thoroughly than Mr. Roosevelt. He makes a conscious practice of calling reporters by their first names, jokes with them, consults them, invites them to Sunday night suppers and movies, and brings them into his confidence so intimately that few have failed to succumb to the seductiveness of the New Deal. The Roosevelt Administration has manufactured a surfeit of "news" in Washington. The propaganda staffs of the NRA and AAA have organized their activities on a wartime scale, so that 120,000,000 Americans have been bombarded with information on every phase of the New Deal—through the newspapers, magazines, radio, motion pictures and every modern means of ballyhoo.

The New Deal propaganda proved so effective during the first year of the Roosevelt Administration that the patriotic appeal of the Blue Eagle boycott blanketed the press more effectually than any revealed censorship could have accomplished. Since the grip of the Blue Eagle has been broken in more recent months, the Administration is apparently casting about for other methods of marshalling public support to stifle criticism. With few exceptions, those newspapers which have consistently criticized the Roosevelt Administration unfavorably have experienced declining circulation and advertising revenues because the general public has considered it "unpatriotic" to criticize the President in time of "emergency."

The flood of foreign propaganda which has washed our shores has added to the confusion of impressions made upon the mind of the average individual, with the result that most citizens are content to "let Mr. Roosevelt worry about it for me." The confusion has made it possible for the Administration to pursue policies which would not have been tolerated under conditions which might encourage full freedom for criticism. As long as the Administration can keep up the fiction of experimentation without fixing upon any plan, its propaganda will continue partially or wholly to satisfy most sections of the electorate.

The strong appeal to patriotism is still sufficient to balance any "foreign" ideology which seeks to capture American minds. Congress, through its power to appoint committees to investigate "un-American" practices, can provide an important force to harass all propagandists who oppose the Administration.

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Through the unrepealed provisions of the Wartime Trading with the Enemy Act, it is possible to expose and deport any foreigner representing a foreign government without registering with the State Department. Through the immigration acts, administered by the Department of Labor, power is available to bar all aliens who become involved in serious criticism of the Administration. Because the term "propaganda" has gained such a sinister connotation in America, the Administration need do little more than brand its critics—whether they be Republicans or Communists—as simple "propagandists."

VII

There are no indications to encourage a hope that this propaganda war between nations will cease; there is every reason to believe that it will become more intense. It is a vicious game at which nations can play only by poisoning the minds of each other's nationals. The world propaganda war might logically lead to real war between nations. Propaganda, with the aid of open or secret censorships, would determine the final drawing of the battle lines and the formation of alliances which would pit one group of nations against another. The only deterrent to such a natural course involving the United States lies in the degree to which Americans and, particularly, those who control the media of mass impression—the press, radio, screen, platform and schools—exercise vigilance in sifting truths from propaganda lies. It is no easy task.

The propaganda technique of governments all over the world is often so subtle, and shifts so fast, that it provides a serious challenge to such agencies as the Associated Press and the United Press, which conscientiously attempt to supply Americans with world news free from propaganda. The naïveté with which some American editors consider American newspapers impervious to the nefarious devices of governmental propaganda does not aid in defining the task. Frank Parker Stockbridge, editor of the *American Press*, in speaking before the American Society of Newspaper Editors last spring said: "A reporter who would permit himself to be fooled by propaganda is futile." Futility is easily achieved at the hands of the 1934 brand of governmental propagandist.

As the public learns more about the methods and motives behind the propaganda which it sometimes receives as news, it is quite possible that the result will be a complete break-down of public confidence in the newspapers, radio and other sources for daily information. The tremendous decline in the circulation of German newspapers since Hitler came into power is an unmistakable sign of such a break-down of confidence in the New Germany. The rise in subscriptions to confidential news letters in Washington (numbered in tens of thousands for some of the principal Washington news-letter producers) is a milder indication of such a break-down in confidence, particularly among business men, in America since Mr. Roosevelt took office. If the trend continues and the controllers of the mass impression media in America are not able to meet fully the challenge provided by propagandists all over the world to the satisfaction of the American public, the recurrent phrase "that's only a newspaper story" or "that's only a radio report" may prove to be the death knell of public confidence in the media which have commanded their faith in the past.

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Purifying the Human Race

By D. M. LeBourdais

Legislators have a tendency to set up sterilization as a panacea for crime, disease and poverty, but, like other panaceas, it will not accomplish all its advocates expect

From points as far apart as Germany and Oklahoma come projects for purifying the human race by means of the surgeon's knife. Hitler's scheme is described as "an act of neighborly love and of provision for coming generations"; while the announced objective in Oklahoma is to reduce, if not do away with, vice, disease and poverty.

The desire to apply stock-breeding procedures to human beings is not new. The re-discovery in 1900 of the laws worked out thirty-five years before by the Austrian monk, Gregor Mendel, gave a great fillip to such ideas. Mendel experimented with peas, but it was not long before similar studies were conducted upon mice, rats, flies and a great variety of other small animals and insects. Mendel's findings were in the main confirmed.

What, then, more natural than that the same principles should apply to man? Surely, man could not be the one great exception? But biological experiments with humans are more difficult than with flies and mice. For one thing, human beings are not so easily controlled; and, further, the time element adds greatly to the problem. Nevertheless, by means of observation and the study of family records, it was learned that certain characteristics, such as eye-color, skin pigmentation and hair-color and type, and certain disabilities, such as hemophilia and St. Vitus dance, were undoubtedly inherited in accordance with Mendel's laws. If these were transmitted in such a definite manner, why, it was asked, might not insanity, feeblemindedness, epilepsy, criminality and other similar defects? Like begets like throughout the organic world: why should the rule fail with man?

So, since it was not possible to breed human beings experimentally, the next best thing was to study human genealogies. Following a hot trail, the researchers scanned such records as were available, but perhaps naturally they fastened on those more likely to support their theses. Typical of these is the story of the "Kallikaks," which has since become a classic. Published in 1912, it was the result of researches conducted by Dr. H. H. Goddard and associates into the family history of an inmate of the Vineland (New Jersey) Training School (for feebleminded persons). The record was traced back to a certain "Martin Kallikak," who, during

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the Revolutionary War, begot an illegitimate son by a girl presumed to have been feebleminded. This son was the ancestor of 480 descendants, of whom, according to Dr. Goddard, 143 were undoubtedly feebleminded and only 46 regarded as normal. Included in the roll were 36 illegitimate, 33 sexually immoral, 24 confirmed alcoholics, 8 keepers of houses of ill-fame, 3 epileptics and 3 criminals, in addition to 82 who died in infancy.

But Martin Kallikak, after the affair with the feebleminded girl, made a respectable marriage. Of the 496 direct descendants of this union, all were said to have been normal persons, although two were recorded as having been alcoholic and another sexually immoral.

As demonstrating, on the other side, the value of good heredity, the genealogy of the Edwards family of New England was produced. Richard Edwards, grandfather of the famous preacher, Jonathan Edwards, married Elizabeth Tuthill. From this pair there were said to have descended 13 college presidents, 295 college graduates, 65 college professors, 100 clergymen, 100 lawyers, 80 public officials, 75 army officers, 60 prominent authors, 60 physicians, 30 judges, several governors and members of Congress, 3 United States senators and one vice-president of the United States.

That these worthies were the product more particularly of germ plasm contributed by Elizabeth Tuthill was deduced from the fact that Richard later married Mary Talcott, and that from this marriage only ordinary people—no college president, few, if any, clergymen, and undoubtedly no vice-president of the United States—were found to have been descended.

The genealogists vied with one another to produce evidence, on the one hand, of the baneful consequences of the propagation of degenerate strains; and, on the other, of the beneficent results of breeding from better stock. Magazines lent their aid to the crusade; editors viewed with alarm; sermons—somewhat cautiously—were preached; and legislators began to take notice. What to do about it?

II

The stock-breeder's method of controlling propagation is castration, a procedure not unknown in human history. But there were various objections to this. It had been discovered, however, that the desired results could be attained much less objectionably by means of a somewhat different operation. It was known that if the male seminal duct were severed and the ends properly secured, procreation could be prevented without interfering with the future performance or enjoyment of the sexual act. With females the same results could be attained by excising a section of the Fallopian tubes, not so simple an operation as with males, but still not a difficult or dangerous one for modern surgery. This procedure came to be known as sterilization.

The danger having been graphically demonstrated, and the remedy apparently at hand, the legislators got busy. In 1905, a sterilization act was passed by the legislature of Pennsylvania, but was vetoed. Two years later, a law was adopted in Indiana which provided for the sterilization of rapists and inmates of institutions for confirmed criminals, idiots and imbeciles. The act remained practically a dead letter till 1920, when it was declared unconstitutional. In 1909, an act was passed by the legislature of Washington authorizing, as ad-

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ditional punishment by the courts, the sterilization of persons having carnal knowledge of girls under ten years of age, rapists and habitual criminals. This law was upheld by the courts. But laws passed in New Jersey (1911) and New York (1912) providing for sterilization of inmates of State reformatories, charitable and penal institutions, and of feebleminded persons, epileptics, rapists and confirmed criminals, were both held unconstitutional. An act (1913) of the Iowa legislature authorizing the sterilization of persons twice convicted of felony or sexual offenses other than white slavery, and once convicted of the latter, was also declared unconstitutional.

Space limitation forbids a recital of the vicissitudes of sterilization legislation in the various other States. The now famous decision of the United States Supreme Court (1927) in Buck *vs.* Bell, upholding an act of the Virginia legislature, has doubtless settled the issue, for the present, at least. In presenting judgment, Mr. Justice Holmes declared, "The principle that sustains compulsory vaccination is broad enough to cover cutting the Fallopian tubes"; and in reference to the particular case, "Three generations of imbeciles are enough."

In spite of legal uncertainty, half the States had passed sterilization acts of some sort before the question was decided by the Virginia case, and since then several others have done so. In many of the States very little use has been made of the legislation so enacted; but in California, where the first sterilization law was passed in 1909, upwards of 10,000 persons have been sterilized—more than in all other States combined—and a great deal of pertinent data have been accumulated. The California act, as it now stands, provides for the sterilization before discharge, with or without consent, of any person lawfully committed to State hospitals for the insane or the feebleminded, who in the opinion of a board appointed for the purpose is likely to transmit his or her disability. While not required by law, as a matter of practice, consent of the patient or his responsible guardians is always secured. Very little difficulty is experienced in this regard.

III

About the year 1910, Dr. H. H. Goddard discovered the "moron." With the aid of intelligence tests, introduced into the United States shortly before, it was found that a vast number of persons not obviously feebleminded, like the familiar idiots and imbeciles, had much less than what was considered normal intelligence. These were the morons, so named by Dr. Goddard. Public alarm excited by this unexpected discovery was further heightened a few years later by the results of group psychological examinations of recruits for the United States army during the Great War. As interpreted, the figures indicated that more than forty-seven per cent of white drafted men had mental ages under thirteen years—or, in other words, were morons. Visions were conjured up of a society in which one-half of the population was engaged in supervising the other half.

But meanwhile scientific research had been active. Additional experience with intelligence tests showed that the line of intellectual normality had previously been placed entirely too high. The case-histories of the Kallikaks and other similar family strains were more carefully examined. Doubt was expressed as to whether, after such a lapse

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of time, it was possible definitely to state that the girl with whom Martin Kallikak had had his illicit affair was really feebleminded; and the correctness was questioned of the diagnoses made upon many of her descendants.

Further information was produced, too, concerning Elizabeth Tuthill. It was found that previous researchers had ignored these important facts: that she had been divorced by Richard Edwards "on the ground of adultery and other immoralities"; that one of her sisters had murdered her own son, and a brother murdered a sister; that she was extraordinarily deficient "in moral sense"; but that, notwithstanding this, she and not the more conventional and moral Mary Talcott was the ancestor of that great line of personages.

All of which merely emphasizes the fact that the question of human heredity is a complex and difficult one; and that where matters affecting behavior are involved it is impossible to dissociate the effects of heredity from those due to environment. Undoubtedly, families can be found, such as the one which gave rise to the celebrated Virginia case, in which certain defects or disabilities recur with such persistence as strongly to suggest hereditary influence; but, on the other hand, comparative studies of the family-histories of institution inmates and of persons taken at random from the general public tend to show no appreciably greater percentage of maladjustment in the one group than in the other.

It is admitted, of course, that a person with a bad family history as regards certain diseases should not marry, or else marry into a family with no similar strain—so far as can be ascertained. The need for eugenics is not denied; indeed, there is no doubt that through increased knowledge of human inheritance many undesirable characteristics may in time be stamped out. But the majority of social scientists no longer believe that insanity, feeblemindedness, criminality, or any other such manifestation of human behavior is inherited in the same sense, for instance, as eye-color. These are not Mendelian characters. They are the results of an infinity of causes, having much more to do, in most cases, with environment than with heredity.

Investigations conducted by Dr. Clifford Shaw of the University of Chicago show a direct relationship between environment and the incidence of juvenile delinquency. Child welfare agencies report significant results from follow-up studies of brothers or sisters placed separately in widely differing types of foster-homes. Similar studies are now being conducted with identical twins. Recent trends in pediatrics indicate something of the potentialities inherent in special feeding and care. While perhaps the most intriguing prospect is suggested by the study of endocrines and hormones. In this field are possibilities of mutations and variations entirely beyond anything previously anticipated.

IV

Is there, then, no place in a social programme for sterilization? Assuredly there is. Much of the opposition to it is due to ignorance. Oklahoma proposes to sterilize persons thrice convicted of crime, and, so it is reported, habitual criminals flee the State in terror. Obviously, the power to procreate is not so highly prized—which leads to the conclusion that sterilization is being mistaken for emasculation. Oklahoma criminals are not the only persons so

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confused, otherwise legislatures would not prescribe sterilization as a punitive measure. (Many habitual law-breakers are undoubtedly feebleminded, in which case they should be treated as such, not as criminals.) Some oppose sterilization as being contrary to "God's law." Views of this kind admit of no argument; it is reassuring, nevertheless, that in such matters the vast majority are in agreement with the dictum of Mr. Justice Holmes.

Opposition, however, has in the past not been confined entirely to these: until recently a considerable percentage of those actively engaged in the treatment and care of the feebleminded were also opposed, or at least lukewarm in support. Distrustful of panaceas, and realizing the extravagance of claims made in its behalf, they were fearful lest their support be misinterpreted; and they also feared that if legislators continued in the delusion that sterilization would shortly end or greatly reduce the incidence of feeblemindedness, support of existing institutions or funds for urgently needed new ones might not be forthcoming. On the other hand, all were confronted with the necessity of freeing the institutions of the large numbers of inmates ready for parole—except for the danger of sex difficulties.

In 1930, a questionnaire was circulated among the members of the American Association for the Study of the Feebleminded, asking whether they were in favor or not of a measure of selective sterilization as part of a broad programme of supervision and parole to be applied to institution inmates who, after suitable training, were considered eligible for parole. Ninety-four per cent of the replies were in the affirmative.

Institutions for the feebleminded, of which there is one or more in practically every State, are primarily training schools. Most of the higher-grade inmates can be taught to become, with a certain amount of supervision, self-supporting in the community. But obviously, even with the most careful supervision that is practicable, it must be only a matter of time till these normally sexed, but intellectually limited, persons—especially the girls—become parents. And, although it is by no means inevitable that the offspring should be of equally low mentality, the parents could not, in the circumstances, be expected to provide the children with proper home surroundings. Consequently, a very real danger exists that such children would develop, in their turn, into public charges of one sort or another. This the community has a right to prevent. If, however, the inmate is sterilized before release that danger, at least, is avoided; marriage is possible; and the chances of successful adjustment in the community are greatly enhanced. Here, then, is where sterilization comes in. It is a very necessary and useful measure of social control in so far as feebleminded persons are concerned. But it can not take the place of segregation and training; it is an essential complementary measure.

The value of sterilization in this regard is well exemplified by experience in California. At the Sonoma State Home (for feebleminded persons) about 1,600 persons of both sexes have been sterilized in the past twenty-five years. Studies made by Dr. Paul Popenoe, of the Human Betterment Foundation, Pasadena, based on paroles from this institution, show that most of the common objections are not borne out by actual experience.

One of the stock arguments is that sterilized women, once the inhibiting

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fear of pregnancy is removed, will become more promiscuous, and thus contribute to the spread of venereal disease. Dr. Popenoe finds that sterilized girls are, in fact, not more promiscuous than unsterilized persons of the same degree of intelligence. This would seem to be an obvious inference, since the amount of intelligence required to take advantage of such a situation is more than that which such persons possess.

Another objection is that those sterilized, in resentment against the deprivation of their power to procreate, will tend to become anti-social and indulge in criminal or other delinquent behavior. This, too, presupposes a degree of insight which the feebleminded do not possess, and is also not in accordance with experience. Furthermore, Dr. Popenoe has found that the percentage of successful marriages contracted by sterilized paroles compares favorably with that among the general population.

Far from resenting sterilization, the inmates of the Sonoma State Home look forward to it. It is, in a sense, a badge of distinction: it indicates those who are capable of being paroled into the community. On a visit to the institution, I was being shown round by the superintendent, Dr. Butler. As we crossed the yard, we were approached by a good-looking young girl of about fourteen or fifteen years of age.

"Doctor, when will I have my operation?" she inquired.

"What operation?" the doctor countered, pretending not to understand.

"Oh, my sterilization operation," she replied.

"Your turn will come pretty soon," he assured her, as we passed on.

As far as she was concerned, sterilization was merely a routine matter without which the period of institutional residence was not complete. I am quite sure that it never occurred to her to think that she would, in consequence, be a marked person in the community. And it is more than likely that the full implications of the matter were largely beyond her capacity to understand.

Nevertheless, when properly trained, persons with even such limited intellectual capacity do very well at routine household duties, or in manufacturing establishments where manual dexterity, rather than intelligence, is required. Well trained feebleminded persons of this type are often more reliable than persons of greater intelligence, because they are satisfied to stick to the things they have been trained to do, and are not tempted to move from one job to another.

V

How about the insane? In California the majority of those sterilized to date are persons released from mental hospitals, and most mental hospital officers are strongly in favor of sterilization. Quite aside from any question of heredity, freedom from worry concerning possible pregnancy is bound to have a beneficial effect upon many women patients. Indeed, the illness of some is undoubtedly precipitated by such worry—which would suggest that sterilization (pending more adequate birth control information and greater availability of contraceptive appliances) might also be a boon to many women who are not mental patients.

It must be remembered that many women (or men) released from a mental hospital are quite as capable of controlling propagation as any one else, given proper instruction and facilities.

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Others, of course, in whom the disability has perhaps a more sexual basis might be the better for sterilization. The question here is merely one of convenience. For there is no reason why a woman should not have her Fallopian tubes severed if she so desires—no more than there is against having her tonsils or appendix removed.

When it comes to reducing crime by the surgeon's knife the prospect is entirely futile. Crime may be reduced, but not by means of anything so simple. If preventing criminals from procreating were at all effective in that regard, crime should long ago have ceased to trouble us. For until comparatively recently criminals were subjected to treatment much more drastic than sterilization. Up till the Eighteenth Century, there were, in England, as many as 240 crimes and misdemeanors for which the penalty was death. During the reign of Henry VIII more than 72,000 persons were executed. Considering the difference in population, Henry's acts "of neighborly love" were a much more thorough purging than even Hitler contemplates today. Yet crime continued in spite of the hangings and torturings.

In the early days of medicine, all diseases characterized by heightened temperature were included in the general term "fever," and treated alike. But with greater knowledge of disease, many different forms of fever were recognized, each requiring a special treatment, depending upon the cause of the particular fever in question.

With respect to crime, we are yet very much in the position of medicine before fever was differentiated into its various forms. Although we recognize that stealing is different from manslaughter, we nevertheless have but one remedy for both. Some day, however, we may learn that crime is quite as complicated as fever, and that its cure requires even greater knowledge and skill. For, in dealing with crime, one must have not only a knowledge and understanding of the individual, but also of society as a whole. And just as fever was found to be but a symptom of deeper underlying causes, so will crime some day be more generally recognized as a symptom of a deep-seated social disorder.

To sum up, then, it may be said that sterilization has a definite field of usefulness as a measure of social control as regards the feebleminded. And that it has a more limited utility with respect to the insane and certain women of neurotic disposition who might feel more secure if the fear of pregnancy were entirely removed. But as regards others, such as criminals and paupers (who do not come in the above categories), nothing in our present state of knowledge would indicate that it is at all applicable. On the contrary, it is more than likely that any attempt to consider it a cure-all must end in disappointment.

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Hitler and the Catholic Church

By G. E. W. Johnson

The totalitarian tendencies of Rome and Hitlerism clash and promise to clash more violently still when the Saar plebiscite is over

Today there is only one organization in Germany that has succeeded in maintaining international affiliations and has so far escaped being swallowed up into the devouring maw of the National Socialist political machine. This is the Roman Catholic Church. The world's oldest authoritarian system, with nearly two millennia of continuous existence behind it, still stands despite the assaults of a rival system which, after less than two years of office, has wreaked havoc upon all who sought to block its march to the seat of power.

Both the Roman Catholic Church and the National Socialist Party make totalitarian claims upon the whole population, and, as such, can not in theory recognize any line of demarcation between the respective jurisdictions of Church and State. The Church of Rome still formally clings to the medieval notion that the State is the servant of Holy Mother Church; the National Socialists clamorously insist that the Church shall be the instrument of the State. Since the Protestant Reformation the Catholic Church has found it increasingly difficult to sustain her claims, and today there is no political entity in the world, with the exception of Vatican City, that fulfils the papal ideal of the theocratic State. The Church, however, has wisely though tacitly adapted herself to circumstances over which she has no control. Though never in so many words renouncing her claims to supremacy in a doctrinal sense, she has yielded politically to *force majeure*, and has suffered her more presumptuous claims to lapse into innocuous desuetude.

In many democratic countries, among which the United States holds a conspicuous place, the position of the Church has been made relatively easy by limitations which the State has imposed upon its own prerogative. Outside of the comparatively narrow domain reserved by the State for its exclusive use, the Church has been free to exercise her jurisdiction over her adherents—at any rate to the extent to which she could persuade them voluntarily to accept that jurisdiction. But when the Catholic Church is confronted by another totalitarian system that sets no limits, other than those dictated by purely opportunistic considerations, to its jurisdiction, then the Church is bound to find herself in distressful straits. Such a situation exists today in

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Germany. The Church has on occasion waived many of her theoretical claims rather than jeopardize her material interests; but there is a point beyond which she can not yield without ceasing to exist as a Catholic Church. To take an extreme instance, such a point would indubitably be reached if an attempt were made to detach the Catholic Church in any country from her allegiance to the see of Rome. The Nazi Government has not yet formally announced that such is its intention, but it is well known that many of the brasher spirits among the Nazis, such as General Hermann Göring, Prime Minister of Prussia and Hitler's right-hand man, would greet such a move with gusto. In their eyes, the Christian Churches, Protestant and Catholic alike, have no function other than to serve as instruments for carrying out the will of the National Socialist régime. If the Churches could be persuaded to drop their fussy doctrinal squabbles and unite to form a single *Reichskirche* that would embrace all the religious forces of Germany, recognize Hitler as its supreme head, and wheel about in disciplined formation whenever *der Führer* gave the word, it would be a reinforcement of inestimable value to the propaganda machinery of the Nazi Government. The Evangelical Church—itself comprising a union of the Lutheran and Reformed Churches—has already been arbitrarily incorporated into the *Reichskirche* and placed under the direction of Hitler's henchman, Reichs-Bishop Ludwig Müller, who is doing his best to imbue about seven thousand recalcitrant pastors with a proper admiration for Nazi doctrines. The Catholic Church, needless to say, has held aloof from the *Reichskirche*, which she could not join without repudiating her fundamental dogmas and renouncing her allegiance to the Pope.

II

In maintaining her position, the Catholic Church has been greatly assisted by the authoritarian structure of her hierarchy. The Evangelical Church, in contrast, had a democratic constitution. All its members, even those whose connection with the Church was of the flimsiest, were entitled to participate in elections for the choice of the various governing bodies of the Church. The Nazi party machine promptly injected itself into these elections, applied the same steam-roller tactics that have produced such enormous majorities for Hitler in the political sphere, and obtained results that were almost equally gratifying. Thus it came about that, though a majority of the Evangelical clergy were opposed to the Nazifying tendencies, they saw the ground swept from beneath their feet and the government of the Church fall into the hands of those clerics who were prepared to subserve the racial beliefs of the Nazis in violation of the Christian principle of the universality of human brotherhood.

Such tactics obviously could not be effectually used against the hierarchy of the Catholic Church, over which the laity exercise no control. Thus the Church has managed at least to keep her head above the flood that has engulfed everything else on the German landscape. Hitler no doubt has a vivid recollection of the humiliation suffered by Bismarck through the failure of his *Kulturkampf*, and he has no desire to find himself in the same predicament.

It was in 1872 that Bismarck embarked upon the *Kulturkampf*, the "clash of civilizations," by having the

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Reichstag pass a law expelling the Jesuits. In the following year came the enactment of the so-called May laws by the Prussian Diet, the purpose of which was to make the Church little more than a government bureau. The Catholic bishops refused to comply with the laws. Within a short time a number of them had been consigned to jail, and 1,300 parishes were deprived of their incumbents. It soon became evident that Bismarck had committed a grave error of judgment in thus gratuitously presenting the Catholic Church with the martyrs that are always a boon to any cause. The Centre party that had recently been formed in the Reichstag to represent Catholic interests rapidly increased in numbers and soon became the largest single party. Bismarck reluctantly realized that he would have to go to Canossa if he was to avoid a possible Waterloo. The May laws were first allowed to go unenforced and were ultimately repealed in the latter part of the 'Eighties.

Bismarck's mortifying experience has served as a warning to all subsequent German statesmen to move cautiously in dealing with religious matters, and the Nazis are anxious to avoid being maneuvered into an equally untenable position.

At about the same time that Bismarck was waging the *Kulturkampf*, he was also harassing the Social Democrats. Little sympathy though there might be between the free-thinking Marxists and the Ultramontane Catholics, they found themselves companions in distress. A certain element of fellow-feeling which they could have experienced in no other way was thereby infused into them. Thus were sowed the seeds of good understanding that bore fruit in the post-War years when the government of the Republic was administered by a coalition of the Social Democratic and Centre parties. In 1932 the Catholic Chancellor Brüning was administering the Reich government with Socialist support, while the Socialist Prime Minister Braun was administering the Prussian government with Centrist support. This long association of the two parties was one of the causes of the Nazi ire at the Catholics. General Göring has frequently bracketed the "black moles" of Clericalism with the "red rats" of Marxism as noxious vermin that he intends to extirpate without mercy.

The downfall of the ruling Centrist-Socialist coalition took place in the middle of 1932, when President von Hindenburg dismissed Chancellor Brüning and replaced him with Colonel Franz von Papen, who in turn ousted the Socialist régime in Prussia. There ensued for a period of over half a year a series of political intrigues in which Papen, himself a renegade member of the Centre, played a prominent part as an intermediary between Hindenburg and Hitler. The upshot of these machinations was the appointment of Hitler as Chancellor on January 30, 1933.

III

The triumph of the Nazis immediately confronted the Roman Catholic Church with an ominous situation. What course should she pursue? If the Church could have counted upon the unqualified support of all her children, she might have ventured a trial of strength. But the disintegrating tendencies of modern times, though they have probably affected the Catholic Church less than the Protestant, have none the less made their inroads upon the ranks of the faithful. Several men of Cath-

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olic background can be found occupying prominent places in the Nazi party, and either inspiring or sanctioning the attacks on the Church. Adolf Hitler himself must be accounted a Catholic; he was baptized within the fold of the Church and has never formally left it, although of course he is not what is known as a practising Catholic. The same can be said of his Propaganda Minister, Dr. Joseph Göbbels.

The best index of the extent to which German Catholics are prepared to back up their Church by political action may be inferred from the strength attained by the Catholic political parties prior to their disbandment. There are about twenty million Catholics in Germany. About three-fifths of the total German population participates in elections. Therefore, if all Catholics had been unreservedly loyal to their political parties, we should have expected to find a Catholic vote of about twelve million. Actually, the Centre and its ally the Bavarian People's party together polled about five and a half million votes. In other words, more than half of the Catholic community was casting its vote for other parties. A goodly number of these dissidents could have been found in the ranks of the Nazis.

With Hitler installed in power, political Catholicism was overcome by panic and retired in confusion. When the Reichstag passed the Enabling Act of March 23, conferring dictatorial powers upon the Hitler cabinet, it was the Centre that tamely furnished the votes necessary to make up the two-thirds total required by the German Constitution. A few days later, the Catholic bishops assembled in conference and rescinded the measures that some of them had previously taken in the way of prohibiting Catholics from joining the National Socialist party. While these events were taking place, thousands of Catholic functionaries were being ousted from public office all over Germany and replaced by Nazis. The debacle was completed shortly afterwards when the Centre and Bavarian People's parties were dissolved in common with all other political parties outside the National Socialist ranks.

As the struggle now began to shift from the temporal to the spiritual front, the political leaders of Catholicism like Dr. Brüning vanished into oblivion and the prelates of the Church replaced them on the battle line. Of the latter, the one who has made himself the most conspicuous and fearless exponent of the Catholic point of view is Michael Cardinal Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich and Freising and head of the Bavarian episcopate.

Cardinal Faulhaber has always been inclined to take an aggressive stand against the Nazis. While Chancellor Brüning was still in office, he continually besought him to take stern measures to stem the rising tide of Hitlerism. But when it came to the pinch, the political leaders yielded without a struggle. After the triumph of Hitler, Faulhaber's urge to come to grips with the Nazis was restrained by Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli, the Papal Secretary of State, who was responsible for conducting the Vatican's negotiations with the Reich. The Church had but recently gone through religious wars in Mexico and Spain, where she had held strongly entrenched positions, and had not emerged unscathed; she was not eager to join battle with the secular power in Germany, where her position was relatively much weaker. Moreover, Cardinal Pacelli plumed himself upon his

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knowledge of the German political background. During the post-War period he had seen many years' service in Germany as Apostolic Nuncio, first in Munich and later in Berlin. But he had been recalled to Rome before the Nazi tide had attained menacing proportions, and, despite the warnings of Cardinal Faulhaber, he did not seem to grasp the real significance of the National Socialist challenge. He apparently imagined that German National Socialism was simply a duplication of Italian Fascism, and that its wrath could be appeased by concessions similar to those which had been made to Mussolini.

There are, however, a number of important differences between Fascism and National Socialism which make the task of the Church in arriving at a satisfactory *modus vivendi* with the latter much more difficult, if not impossible. Although Fascism boasts a totalitarian philosophy, it has not developed the mystical side of its ideology to a degree comparable with National Socialism. Fascism's doctrines are almost exclusively political and economic, and it therefore does not press so hard upon the heels of the Church. Since the Pope in 1929 renounced his claims to temporal sovereignty in Italy outside the bounds of Vatican City, friction between the Church of Rome and the Kingdom of Italy has practically disappeared. Fascism has cultivated no such fanatical theory of racial superiority as has impelled National Socialism to denounce the Old Testament as obscene and brutalizing Jewish propaganda, to ridicule St. Peter and St. Paul—and sometimes even Christ himself—as Jewish rabbis, to deplore the intrusion of alien Christianity with its "slave morality" into the paradise of ancient and heroic Teutonic pagandom, and to look askance at the Pope himself as being a non-Nordic. The headquarters of the Church is at Rome. Her supreme head is invariably an Italian. These considerations tend to moderate the clash of Catholic internationalism with Italian nationalism, and, by the same token, to exacerbate the clash with German nationalism.

IV

Cardinal Pacelli nevertheless clung to his hope that by negotiating a concordat with Berlin he could spare the Church the ordeal of enduring a frontal attack by the massed fury of Hitlerism. On July 20, 1933, largely as a result of renewed wire-pulling by the ubiquitous Colonel von Papen, the Reich Government and the Holy See signed a Concordat. The most significant provision of this treaty was perhaps Article 32, whereby the Vatican undertook to restrain all German ecclesiastics from joining or supporting any Catholic political party. There were a number of other provisions that were primarily intended to safeguard the Church's authority in such matters as ecclesiastical discipline and religious education. Some of them, however, were phrased in such vague terms that they could readily become a fertile source of future discord. In particular, no attempt was made to answer the crucial question: where does the political sphere end and the religious sphere begin? The impression left by the Concordat was that it was a stop-gap agreement regarded as definitive by neither party, but temporarily accepted by both because it afforded a breathing-spell in which they could maneuver for position, each feeling for the most vulnerable spot in its

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opponent's armor and searching for some issue that would crystallize public opinion in its favor.

In pursuing these tactics, each side has sought to avert a head-on collision with its opponent. The Nazi strategy is to avoid arresting any conspicuous Catholic dignitary under circumstances that could not be readily concealed by the censorship. They do not wish to repeat Bismarck's mistake of making martyrs. They prefer to muzzle the bishops by intimidation, and, where this proves unavailing, to prevent the publication of their strictures upon the Nazi régime. It is the priests and subordinate clergy who are made to suffer if they repeat the sentiments of their superiors —about two hundred priests were arrested during the first year of Hitler's rule. At the same time the Nazis carry on an active propaganda among the Catholic masses with the twofold purpose of assuring them that nowhere else in the world does the Church enjoy such freedom as in Germany and of subtly indoctrinating them with the Nazi point of view.

The clergy adopt parallel tactics in protesting the Nazi attacks. They avoid all direct criticism of Hitler. Indeed, they profess to accept at its face value Hitler's assurance that he intends to preserve Christianity as the religious foundation of the State. But the local Nazi leaders are then sorrowfully or indignantly reproached for "opposing" Hitler's policies by harassing the Church and failing to observe the Concordat.

It is possible that the stubborn stand taken by the embattled pastors of the Evangelical Church and the caution displayed by the Nazis in disciplining them may have emboldened Cardinal Faulhaber to speak his mind. At any rate, toward the end of 1933 he delivered a series of sermons on successive Sundays during the Advent season in which he centred his criticism upon the Nazi doctrine of racial supremacy. "Not blood but faith is the foundation of religion," declared the Cardinal. He reiterated that the Jews had been the chosen people prior to the coming of Christ and that the Old Testament was indeed a divine revelation. He enraged the Nazis by charging that the idealized ancient Teutons had been addicted to indolence and drunkenness until they had been elevated by conversion to Christianity. His sermons were later published in book form under the title *Judaism, Christianity and Germanism.* Although the book was not officially banned, local Nazi organizations resorted to the intimidating methods in which they are so expert to discourage booksellers from stocking it. In January, when Professor Karl Adam of Tübingen University, one of the most distinguished of German Catholic theologians, delivered before a Catholic gathering an address that was in substance a repetition of the ideas voiced by Cardinal Faulhaber, Nazi students staged a demonstration of protest and the Württemberg Minister of Education promptly suspended Professor Adam from his chair until the political police had completed an investigation into his activities. "The only thing that they [the Nazis] could not endure," declared Hans Schemm, Bavarian Minister of Education, "was to hear the religion of their fathers denounced as pernicious paganism. This is only another way of flinging mud at the German race and the German people. . . . I will not rest until these malcontents are destroyed, root and branch."

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In the opening months of 1934, the tension between the Catholics and the Nazis markedly increased. Though refraining from official acts of violence against them, the Nazi Government encouraged mob demonstrations against Catholic prelates. On January 27 two shots were fired into the windows of Cardinal Faulhaber's palace in Munich. On April 7 a crowd of a thousand Nazis, hundreds of whom were in uniform, besieged Bishop Ehrenfried of Würzburg in his palace and shouted out threats to lynch him. The police accordingly placed the Bishop under "protective arrest" in order to rescue him from the mob. On April 20 another crowd gathered and burst open the palace doors with a wooden beam. Fortunately the Bishop was absent from home on this occasion.

The drive against the Catholic press and Catholic youth and labor organizations was intensified. Catholic newspapers are rigorously censored and suspended at the slightest provocation. They are frequently compelled to publish Nazi propaganda without modification or comment. The prevailing Nazi attitude toward them may be gauged from a court decision rendered on April 3. A Catholic newspaper had brought suit against the Essen *National Zeitung*, which is owned by General Göring, on the ground that canvassers for the latter publication were employing intimidating methods in obtaining new subscribers. The Duisburg court threw out the petition and severely censured the Catholic organ. "This action of the petitioner arising from purely selfish motives," said the court, "is all the more reprehensible because it tends to destroy the unity of all German nationals and gravely endangers denominational peace, wholly aside from the fact that the so-called Catholic press today is a superfluous element."

Even more bitter has been the quarrel over the control of Catholic youth associations. The Nazis have created an organization known as the Hitler Youth, which is intended to enjoy a monopoly over all organized sporting activities. The leader of the Hitler Youth, Baldur von Schirach, is a bellicose young man who initiated a vigorous campaign to bring the Catholic youth groups under his control. The Concordat leaves the status of these Catholic associations in an ambiguous position. Article 31 provides that all Catholic organizations that serve social or professional purposes, or other than purely religious, cultural or charitable purposes, shall continue in existence "without prejudice to their possible incorporation in State organizations." Naturally the Church is prepared to fight tooth and nail before she will permit these organizations, which are an invaluable means of retaining the loyalty of the younger generation, to slip out of her orbit. She refused to yield on this point. The Nazis retaliated by harassing these organizations in various ingenious ways. A letter from a member of a Catholic youth association to an English friend was published in the London *Times* in April, and the following striking statements are quoted from this source: "The Government . . . officially regrets all the maltreatment that we have to suffer, and dissociates itself from all attacks on us. But it does nothing for our protection. . . . Whoever is not a member of the Hitler Youth finds it almost impossible to obtain a position through the State employment exchanges, or indeed any position, since in big busi-

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nesses, for example, which rely in any way on State or public contracts, they make membership of the Hitler Youth a condition of employment with all their apprentices. . . . Unpunished, the Hitler Youth in Cologne wrote on the plaster of the church walls: 'Christ is kicking the bucket [the German word is *krepiere*, a verb ordinarily applied only to the death of animals], but the Hitler Youth is marching on,' and then molested young Catholics coming out from a service. Whoever tells of these and similar things risks going into protective custody for an indefinite time on account of atrocity propaganda. . . . No paper could ever print what is daily happening to us. . . . Many places are absolutely lawless, and thus there happen to members of our Scout troops things so bad that they revolt against all the customs of civilized peoples."

Such persecution as this provoked many Catholic prelates to resort to unwontedly vigorous language in expressing their indignation. An Eastertide pastoral issued by Count Galen, Bishop of Münster, was particularly outspoken. Referring to the Concordat, he asked: "What is any agreement worth when it lacks a guarantee in conscience? And how can one seriously speak of such guarantees when true belief in God and the moral law has been lost? . . . The assault on Christianity that we witness in contemporary Germany exceeds in pernicious violence anything known from the past."

VI

The rising tide of persecution to which the Church was being subjected impelled high dignitaries to besiege Vice-Chancellor von Papen, the only practising Catholic holding high office, with pleas that he exert himself on behalf of his Church. Papen had hitherto invariably counseled the Church to take the easy course and yield to the oppressor, but at last he screwed up his courage to utter a protest. In collaboration with Edgar Jung, a Catholic scholar of Munich, Papen prepared a speech criticizing the extremist policies of the Nazis that aroused world-wide interest when he delivered it at Marburg University on June 17. "Voices demanding that I take a clear position toward contemporary events in Germany . . . are multiplying and becoming more urgent," asserted Papen. "It is claimed that, through the fact that I took so decisive a part in the developments in Germany through the abolition of the Weimar and Prussian régimes and the consolidation of the national movement, there results an obligation that I must observe developments more acutely than most Germans. . . . It would be a mortal sin not to say what in this decisive period of the German revolution must be said. . . . There is ahead a struggle to decide whether the new Reich will be Christian or lose itself in sectarianism and pseudo-religious materialism. The decision will be simple if the governmental power will abstain from any attempt to influence it in the direction of forcible reformation. . . . Let nobody close his eyes to the fact that if religious trouble were brought on by force it would loose energies on which even the force itself would founder. Those circles that hope for a new 'racial-religious union' would better ask themselves how they can conceive of the fulfilment of Germany's task in Europe if she is voluntarily to exclude herself from the community of Christian nations."

Papen's speech was ordered sup-

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pressed by Dr. Göbbels, the Minister of Propaganda. A few days later, however, a conference between a delegation of German bishops and representatives of the Nazi Government got under way with a view to ironing out the dispute relating to the interpretation of Article 31 of the Concordat. On June 30 it was announced that an agreement had been reached. But the ambiguous lines that it followed again conveyed the unmistakable intimation that the vital issues were being dodged. The Reich Government agreed to suspend for the time being its attempt to coördinate the Catholic associations; the Church agreed to reorganize them on a diocesan basis and thereby eliminate the centralized administration which the Nazis regarded as obnoxious.

On the same day there took place Hitler's famous "purge" of the Nazi ranks, in the course of which the Nazi high command not only disposed of alleged conspirators and others who they thought might become conspirators at some future date, but also paid off a few old scores against persons who had obstructed their path while they were climbing to power. Among those who perished were the leaders of the two most important Catholic associations—Dr. Erich Klausener, president of the Catholic Action society, and Adalbert Probst, leader of the German Youthful Strength organization. These were among the associations that were to be decentralized, and apparently the Nazis thought they might as well do a good job of it by eliminating the leaders altogether. Also among the victims of Hitler's gunmen were many other prominent Catholic laymen, including Edgar Jung, Papen's collaborator. Papen himself was confined to his home under arrest, and it is said that his life was saved only by the direct intervention of President von Hindenburg. Late in July, when Hindenburg was on his death-bed, Papen was eased out of the cabinet by being appointed Minister to Austria, but it is the general impression that he will not hold this office for long.

VII

The death of President von Hindenburg has removed the outstanding protector of those Protestant pastors who have been resisting the Nazi attempts to coördinate the Evangelical Church; the ousting of Vice-Chancellor von Papen has eliminated the only highly placed figure capable of exercising a moderating influence on the Nazi offensive against the Catholic Church. As had long been anticipated, Hindenburg's death has been followed by a renewal of the drive against the Evangelical clergy; but the last few months, curiously enough, have seen a distinct lull in the campaign against the Catholic Church. This cessation of pressure, however, is clearly a temporary retreat dictated by opportunistic considerations. The Nazis have their eyes fixed on the Saar. There will soon take place a plebiscite in the Saar to determine whether that territory will continue under the administration of the League of Nations or return to Germany. As the population of the Saar is overwhelmingly Catholic, any rupture with the Church in Germany is likely to be reflected by a drop in the vote for reunion with the Fatherland. If the Saar should vote against Germany, it would be a black eye for Hitler that might lead the docile German electorate to ask embarassing questions; even a sizable minority vote against the Nazis would provoke unfavorable compari-

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sons with the nine-to-one majorities Hitler extracts from the German people. It is therefore natural that Hitler should suspend any measures that would serve to alienate the Saar voters. It is the familiar maneuver of *reculer pour mieux sauter*.

The Saar plebiscite is scheduled to take place on January 13, 1935. Once that is out of the way, the Nazis will be relieved of all restraining influences and will be free to press their drive against both the Evangelical and Catholic Churches with a vigor and ruthlessness surpassing anything yet displayed. Unless all signs deceive, the year 1935 will see the Christian Church exposed to the most withering blast she has had to endure since Russia went Bolshevist. In Russia the Orthodox Church collapsed like a worm-eaten tree. Are the Protestant and Catholic Churches in Germany made of sterner stuff? Have they been more successful in resisting the disintegrating influences of modern times? Are their elaborate temples of worship hollow shells, or do they still enshrine an unquenchable faith capable of producing martyrs as of old? The answers to these questions will interest the Christian Churches not only in Germany, but everywhere else in the world.

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Russia's Rising Proletarian

By Samuel Lubell

The Communists find substitutes for Mayflower ancestry and "keeping up with the Joneses"

In the Museum of the Revolution in Odessa hangs the picture of a human pyramid. At the peak is the Tsar and his family. Descending in successive levels are the gay nobility, wild-eyed, crafty priests, cruel stupid-looking soldiers, fat-faced landowners and bloated capitalists, scheming merchants and weak-looking intellectuals, and finally, at the very bottom, the great mass of the proletariat, the workers and peasants. Their bent shoulders and hunched backs are all that is supporting the upper levels and their strained, hating faces present an ominous contrast to those above. The point of the picture is obvious; and there is scarcely any need for the captioned question, "What would happen if the workers got out from under?" In a sense the picture does not portray the Tsarist order; the hierarchy of classes tapers off too smoothly, and save for the facial expressions there is no indication of the terrific chasm that separated the upper class from the great mass of the population. But what is more important is that the workers did get out from under. And what has happened?

Of course the pyramid crashed; no ruling order ever collapsed so completely. A few flagpoles and churches are still topped with golden bears, but they serve as trophies for the victorious and not as signs of hope for the defeated. The fierce determination with which the Bolsheviks have uprooted all that was traditional in Russian life reflects the fanaticism that has animated them. Throughout history there had been revolutions, but they had served merely to pull down one flag and to run up another. One set of rulers had been yanked from their perch and a new class climbed to dominance. But the Bolshevik upheaval was to be *the* revolution. No Phoenix of a new graded society would rise out of the ashes of the old. The traditional top-down system of politics and economics had been turned topsy-turvy and the Bolsheviks swore to keep it so.

Marx and Engels had pointed the way. All property, the entire means of production was to be vested in the state, collectively owned by the workers. No individual could possess independent means of production—means of exploiting and enslaving his fellow man. Economic activity was no longer to be geared to satisfy the whims of the ruling classes, the workers to glean the chaff that fell from the luxury-laden carts. Large-scale production and inten-

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sive industrialization had made possible the tuning of production and consumption to the needs of the masses. That was the Soviet challenge to the capitalist world, that top-down politics and economics which had prevailed in all previous civilizations could be done away with, that a leveled, classless society could exist and that the result would be a workers' paradise!

After fourteen years in power how close are the Communists to the realization of that ideal? A backward, agricultural country has been industrialized and publicized by the successful completion of some of the world's greatest construction projects. Millions of illiterates have been taught to read and to write and to lump all political, social and economic evils under the labels of "kulak," "bourgeois" and "Fascist." The spirit of anarchy has been starved out of the peasant and his resistance to collectivization has been broken. That a socialized state can exist has been demonstrated. That living conditions in the Soviet Union will improve steadily can hardly be doubted. But as for that society free of social and economic distinction . . .

II

"Are you a proletarian? What does your father do? Is he a worker?"—those questions have been shot at me repeatedly by curious Russians, usually young boys and girls in their early twenties. And after I had satisfied them that every one in my family had to work for a living, they would exclaim, "We're proletarians too. We own this country."

Strange this pride in social origin in a country that knows no *Who's Who*. Nor is it merely a question of class consciousness. Solid social and economic advantages are to be had if one comes from good old working stock. Better jobs, quicker advancement, technical training, party membership, political trust—opportunities of every sort beckon to those Russians who have been wise in their choice of parents. A father who has been exiled to Siberia by the Tsar is worth a *Blue Book* rating and a Mayflower voyage combined. While every "bourgeois" *a priori* is a subject of suspicion and distrust, the proletarian is one of the chosen few who can regard the OGPU as a friend and protector. That alone would make a proletarian appearance as helpful in Moscow as that "Harvard look" in New England.

Much of the harshness with which the "bourgeois" elements were set off originally has disappeared with the comparative peace on the class war front. Stringent regulations forbidding their children from playing with those of the proletarians or peasants have been relaxed. University training has been made more accessible; also opportunities for industrial employment and advancement. But the stigma has not worn off. Large numbers of completely disfranchised live on the scraps that they can beg or steal, or eke out of a perilous trade. Service in the army, membership in the Party and innumerable other choice fields are practically closed. And always there is the feeling of being discriminated against, of suffering a peculiar status in the eyes of the law. An act that might be dismissed as "carelessness" on the part of the proletarian is "sabotage" for the declassed.

Then there is the dread in knowing that if anything goes wrong—which isn't unusual in Russia—they will be the first to suffer. Scapegoats who pay for the Kremlin's mistakes are al-

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ways drawn from the ranks of the "class enemy." If there are scarcities of goods the stores at which they buy will be the first to raise prices, the last to receive supplies. If Moscow is to be relieved of surplus population the kulaks and their children will head the list of those to be handed walking papers, and the newspapers in justification will hint darkly, "Once a Kulak, always a Kulak, and their children after them."

Custom, class education and uneven progress have strengthened these distinctions of birth and breeding. Almost every Russian city is composed of two sections, an old and a new. In the new quarter are the recently constructed tenements, wider and cleaner streets, trees and playgrounds. Here live the favorites of the Revolution. Members of a trade union occupy one house; all the workers in a particular factory another; and a third building is coöperatively owned and managed. Considering the extreme housing shortage throughout the Soviet Union it was to be expected that the Bolsheviks would care for their own first; but in the meantime a visit to any of these "old cities" will reveal all the elements of a future slum, swarms of dirty children playing around in streets and yards, crowded promiscuous living conditions, subsistence diets and—in cities like Baku, Tiflis and Batum—the thousands of inherited peculiarities of a different race and tongue.

Despite all the preachings of a classless society Russians see nothing contradictory in styling themselves as "proletarians," other workers and peasants as the "toiling masses" and still others far down the scale as "bourgeois-kulaks." Nor are these labels resented as unnatural by those to whom they are applied. The disfranchised have learned that they live merely at the sufferance of their boss, the state. Intellectuals are careful not to excite the suspicions of the police and to keep their own place. In Moscow I asked a hotel clerk whether it was fair that she should receive so little while factory workers were rewarded so highly for their daily toil.

"But *why not?*" she replied. "They're workers. I'm not."

III

Nor are there any cynics to expose the "bourgeois" manner in which photographs of shock workers are splattered over the factory walls. The Kremlin has spoken in high praise of the shock brigade movement, and the bookstores are stocked with pamphlets explaining why socialist competition spurred by popular acclaim and piecework is different from competition and piecework under capitalist banners. Groups of workers who agree to fulfil or better their planned quotas form shock brigades. Competition takes place within the brigade, between rival brigades in the same factory and finally between different plants. Winners are awarded the Order of Lenin, or the Order of the Red Labor Banner. Their pictures are posted up in public, reprinted in the newspapers, and quite often they break into movie shorts!

Substantial preferences are granted these "*udarniks*" for it is they who set the pace for industrial production and inspire the slower workers to speed up. In addition to their salaries, among the highest in the Union, they receive better rations, superior living quarters, technical training, more competent medical care, larger pensions and frequent bonuses in the form of scarcity goods, excursions, vacations at sanatoria

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and cure-resorts, and theatre tickets which they are not supposed to sell but which they often do. In the workers' restaurants special rooms and reserved tables are set aside for them, and they also have a wider choice of dishes. Almost a million *udarniks* in the Ural regions have been granted free use of family vegetable plots; the first six thousand rubles of their annual income is tax-exempt, and all are assured that their sons and daughters will be given every advantage and opportunity. Entrance to the Communist Party is facilitated, and even though its membership ranges around three million, the Party is still a highly select order.

Communist Party members are not the "richest" persons in the Soviet Union. Many shock workers and most theatre stars, playwrights and authors earn more. But no Party member need envy his neighbor, for in Soviet Russia not money but "pull" is the primary consideration. All the preferences that are granted the shock worker are accorded the Party man in his own right. Once a year he receives a six-week expense-paid vacation at a Black Sea resort. In the theatres the velvet-draped balcony centre formerly known as the Royal Box is now reserved for Party leaders and more than once I have seen vacant seats there while the rear aisles were crowded with those standing.

Privileges of a Party man are largely intangible, and in many cases unmentionable—like being a friend of the local political boss. All sorts of little favors fall his way. No matter how incapable a Communist proves, as long as he remains orthodox he will be taken care of. If he fails in one line of endeavor he will be given a softer job, more suited to his talents. If he is in the employ of the government probably he will have the use of a private automobile and special chauffeur. Should he desire to make a trip around the country, usually there will be no difficulty in arranging for him to inspect a shoestring factory in the Ukraine—and of course he travels "soft."

By no means all Communists use their Party standing for petty personal gain. In fact the percentage of Communists who are honest and faithful to their ideals probably is greater than a similar lot in any ruling class. That is partly due to the sincere asceticism of inspired revolutionaries, but also to the backwardness of the country which limits economic gain, and to the terrific struggle for power, the Bolshevik substitute for money-making. With gigantic projects involving hundreds of men being inaugurated monthly, no country can show similar opportunities for exercising power. And a Party membership is open sesame for all doors. How great is this prestige is reflected in the respect and admiration of those who aspire to the purple. On a Black Sea steamer I ran into one Russian who proudly confided to me that his brother was a member of the Communist party in New York. How terribly disappointed he was when I told him that being a "Red" in America was not a sign of social distinction!

IV

Economic differences that set off the various Soviet classes are not easily appreciated by foreigners. Even the most envied Bolshevik has less in material comforts than the average middle-class American. But for Russians the gap between the three-room apartment that a Communist family may have and the one-room that is the common lot is terribly wide. A world of distinction is

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expressed in the one pound of bread difference in the daily rations of the manual worker and intellectual.

Stalin himself put the skeleton of wage equalitarianism into the family closet in 1931 in his famous speech on "new conditions and new tasks." Increased mechanization of industrial processes necessitated the training of a class of highly skilled technicians. Labor turnovers of 200 per cent in six months could no longer be tolerated; nor that "a locomotive driver should earn only as much as a copying clerk." Instead, a system of piecework and varying wage scales had to be adopted. A few diehards who attempted to keep the span between the skilled and unskilled as narrow as possible, were stigmatized as "petits bourgeois." There was to be no holding back. Every incentive was to be provided for more efficient production. In many cases the difference between the lowest and highest rates is nine times. Bonuses and shock worker preferences have pushed them still further apart.

Far more important than the actual number of rubles one earns is where they are spent. Under the Soviet system of closed and open stores, prices for the same products vary as do the stocks of commodities in the different shops. Certain scarcity goods are limited only to a few privileged stores, and for the unprivileged all the rubles in Russia will not procure that merchandise—unless some one with "pull" serves as middleman. A Russian who could fill his every need in a Soviet shop would be highly fortunate, for prices there are only about one-sixth what they are in the open market. Those who have no access to closed stores are doomed to subsistence living.

To make matters worse—or more systematic—workers receiving the lowest salaries are generally the ones who do most of their shopping in the open market. Social origin is an indirect factor in determining in which stores you buy, in that your father's background may decide the sort of job you receive. Privileged retail outlets are customarily linked up with factories and large employment centres. Heavy industry plants are favored by the State Commissary over light industry mills; while the stores catering to clerks and office workers have a still lower rating. Factories that have fulfilled their plan are rewarded with greater wages and cheaper priced and more varied stocks of goods. Enterprises that have fallen down in production are penalized by lower wage incomes and poorer selections of merchandise, priced considerably higher. Probably most Russians have never heard the maxim, "the rich get richer"; but many would appreciate it.

Under the Tsar the peasant paid for almost everything; under the Bolsheviks his status continues unchanged. The ravages of class war have been felt most keenly in the villages. Probably five million peasants paid with their lives for collectivization. Their sorry economic plight is reflected in the steady drift of peasants to the cities. Many arrive penniless and take to begging. Moscow, as the most favored city of the Soviets, enjoying superior rations and higher wage levels, attracts the largest number of drifters. Oil production, most successful under the Five Year Plan, explains Baku's prosperity, with rations almost as good as those of Moscow. Other key industrial centres, particularly in Siberia and west of the Urals, have also been blessed with large stocks of cheaply priced goods and

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higher wages at the expense of the less fortunate regions. Light industry towns like Tiflis receive "second zone" rations. Batum, relying chiefly upon mandarins and tea leaves, has a "third zone" rating. Agricultural communities are in the "fourth zone," and receive no fixed allowances of food; they suffer most from the caprices of nature and the Bolsheviks.

Wage levels in the four zones are graded accordingly and as a result the relative prosperity of the different regions is clearly reflected in the life of its cities. In Rostov the streets are thronged with men and women hurrying by with loaves of sour, black bread under their arms. In Baku bread loaves are rarely seen but fish, meat and vegetables are borne aloft. Tiflis is overrun with bazaars, because so large a part of the population is forced to buy in the open market. Tropical heat and tattered beggars only emphasize the foul, pestilential odors that rise out of the side-streets and courtyards of Batum.

Peculiarly enough, the worse off the region the more infested it is with "kulaks" and "bourgeois." Communists have a simple explanation for the coincidence; it is because they are kulaks that they live so poorly. But wasn't it Marx who argued that institutions make men what they are? If a Bolshevik visited a poor white region in the South, would he be satisfied with the explanation that the reason they live so wretchedly is because they are poor white? Which is cause and which effect is difficult to say, but this much can hardly be disputed, that the whole system of Soviet distribution as it now operates tends to emphasize, perpetuate and widen the differences between the various classes.

V

Keeping up with the Joneses has not yet become ingrained into the Soviet consciousness. But the era of militant communism when the old proverb that "cleanliness is next to godliness" was taken so literally, when it was felt that decent clothes of any sort betrayed a "bourgeois mentality," will never return. Some traces of asceticism still linger, even as the influence of the early Christian monks was felt long after they were gone. Veteran writers still use clothes to symbolize the class struggle that is searing the souls of their heroes. But far more typical of the current attitude toward clothes was the combine specialist I met on the train to Kharkov who lifted his soiled *rubashka* shirt complaining bitterly that foreign engineers did not wear "clothes as dirty as this." Or the many Communists, both men and women, who assured me that the reason Soviet women dressed so badly was not a lack of taste but an inability to get anything better.

Style has already become an important feature in the life of the Russian woman. No Park Avenue débutante could take more pride in her Parisian frock than does a Soviet woman in a dress of foreign cut. Their full-hipped figures are not made for slim-lined dresses, but since when has a little discomfort deterred the march of fashion? More than one Soviet woman has become the "wife" of a foreigner just to be able to shop in Torgsin.

Moscow has no exclusive shops and offers little choice in the way of clothes. But this spring saw its first fashion magazine, and considering its popularity, there will be others coming along. Most men have only one "off day" suit and the women only one "good" dress,

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but they manage to present a brave spectacle when they go out in their cheap but "stylish" clothes. Cosmetics are used in amazing quantities. In Moscow's five-story department store there are perfume counters on two floors. In the wee hours of the morn on May Day long queues of girls are invariably seen outside the beauty parlors.

True, these "bourgeois" characteristics are still only in the symptom stage, and the lines marking off the Soviet classes are still shadowy. But the leveling days of Bolshevism are over; the fierce barbarians are being corrupted by success. Socialism, inheritance taxes and the idealistic doctrines of Bolshevism will nurse a peculiar class structure, in much the same way that our Declaration of Independence and frontier shaped American society on lines very different from those of Europe. Perhaps the Soviets will achieve an even greater measure of economic democracy than America. Socialistic restrictions on individual gain and a little more than lip service to Communist ideals may provide a base for distribution broader than any mankind has ever known—providing the problem of efficiency is met. But that remains to be solved.

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Answer to the Economists' Prayer

By F. B. Nichols

The drought may make farming the "prosperous industry" prayed for as a bellwether for the nation's climb out of depression

A motor truck filled with fat cattle came to a stop with a distinct jar one morning recently at a street intersection in the wholesale district of Kansas City near the stockyards. It awakened the owner of these animals, who was dozing lightly in the seat beside the driver. The stockman yawned and then glanced up the avenue on a vista of more commercial activity than he had observed in this area for several years, during his occasional trips to market.

The scene failed to mirror the liveliness common in the Golden Age of the Coolidge Era. But it did supply a colorful contrast to the desolation evident at the bottom of the business depression. The doors and windows of the great buildings were actually open. Many employes were in sight. A switch engine was puffing importantly nearby at a long string of loaded freight cars. Street buses were discharging numerous passengers.

"What's going on here, anyway, Bill?" the cattleman asked the driver, who travels through this section several times a week.

"I think," Bill replied, "that the farmers finally are buying something."

As the signal light changed to green he threw in the clutch, and the vehicle resumed its journey to the yards.

"Maybe that drought of last summer was a good thing for country people," the driver continued. "Anyhow these city folks are beginning to pay something like a fair price for what they eat. I think farmers are at last on their way to make a little money."

Bill's brief analysis of the improved financial outlook for agriculture is in line with more elaborate presentations of highly trained farm economists. Preliminary studies by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics of the United States Department of Agriculture indicate that countrymen will receive far more money in 1934 for much less food than the output they produced in 1933. And according to the Standard Statistics Company the rural income of the United States this year will be $8,250,000,000, an advance of 29.3 per cent over the $6,383,000,000 which farmers received last season. Federal benefit payments are included in the calculations for both periods.

A background on this larger flow of cash to rural America is mirrored by records from central commodity mar-

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kets. Substantial gains have been recorded during the last few months in the quotations for most agricultural products. Wheat, for instance, is selling for seventeen cents a bushel more than at this time last year. The price of corn has advanced thirty-eight cents a bushel in the same time. Barley is forty-nine cents a bushel higher and rye thirty-five cents. Cattle are bringing $3.50 a hundredweight more for the better grades than at this time in 1933; the quotations on sheep are about the same. Hogs are selling for $3.60 a hundredweight above the prices of last year—at almost twice their value in 1933—and in addition the packers are paying a processing tax of $2.25 a hundredweight. Pork is costing the killers more than ten cents a pound live weight. Eggs are selling for seven cents a dozen more than a year ago, and butterfat at an advance of five cents a pound. The price of cotton is five cents a pound higher than a year ago. Practically all other farm products, and especially fruits and vegetables, also have registered substantial market advances in the last twelve months.

Officials of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration already are beginning to point with pride to their objective and the degree of success in attaining it. Their aim, as outlined in the act creating the AAA, is to ". . . reestablish prices to farmers at a level that will give agricultural commodities a purchasing power with respect to articles that farmers buy equivalent to the purchasing power of agricultural commodities in the base period." The base period for all farm products except tobacco is from August, 1909, to July, 1914; for tobacco it is from August, 1919, to July, 1929.

The general index of farm prices, according to the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, now rests at eighty-seven per cent of normal. Average values are much higher in some commodity divisions; they have reached 107 per cent, as an illustration, for both grains and cottonseed. Further advances during the next few months are expected by practically all buyers of rural products, as well as by farmers. Meat prices, especially, are likely to be abnormally high by midwinter.

These climbing quotations mainly reflect the influences of crops and livestock limitation projects of the AAA, a terrific drought and the decline in agricultural stocks. That huge financial dragon, "the surplus," which has plagued farmers for many years, and especially during the last half decade, is almost vanishing. There will be sufficient food for the nation during the coming winter, but its shelves will be nearly bare when spring comes.

II

High prices for farm products are certain to prevail during 1935. The prayer of economists for a "prosperous industry" to serve as a bellwether for the nation in its climb up the trail out of the valley of depression may be answered. Will agriculture repeat its spectacular performance for a previous generation, in pulling the nation out of the hard times of the 1870's? That period of trial, like this one, also was a secondary post-war depression, following the Civil War.

Farmers took prompt advantage of an extraordinary commercial situation which prevailed during the last three years of the depression of the 'Seventies. A tragic series of crop failures occurred in what was then a relatively prosperous Europe. It was accompanied, strange to say, by better-than-average yields in the

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United States. Huge gains naturally followed in the agricultural exports of America. A vast flow of new money into this country finally broke the log jam of depression, and commercial forces presently resumed their normal trends.

The current rural financial outlook is similar to the one which prevailed during the late 1870's in that commodity prices are increasing rapidly. This larger income, however, is being distributed unequally. Some farmers, in areas which suffered most from the drought during 1934, will have little or no buying power during the next six months except for bare necessaries. But other countrymen, who raised fairly good yields of at least some crops, are in the best financial condition they have enjoyed since 1929.

These more fortunate farmers are numerous. I am included in the group. On my ranch near Buffalo, Kansas, most of the farm projects for 1934 worked out quite well. Our wheat, for instance, yielded twenty-nine bushels an acre, or more than twice the national long-time average. We grew good crops of other spring grains and a huge tonnage of prairie hay. Plenty of good spring water and an abundance of grass were available all summer in the pastures for the cattle and other livestock. There is ample feed on the place to carry the animals through the winter.

The main loss we experienced from drought was extensive damage to the corn crop; it produced the smallest yield of that cereal ever grown on this place. Dry weather also cut the tonnage of the ordinarily drought-resistant sorghums. And it delayed the preparation of land for winter wheat, which is likely to reduce the returns in 1935.

Practically all rural people whose operations were successful this year will be buying fabricated articles extensively between now and spring. And if agriculture is definitely on the road to average profits a huge amount of money presently will be available to American farmers for the purchase of manufactured goods. The normal income of countrymen is about six billion dollars larger than their gross receipts in 1933. Presumably most of the cash they receive (except that share of it which is required for taxes and debt charges) will flow back promptly into urban commercial channels. In all events that was the case in the more prosperous periods of the past. Rural people commonly are liberal spenders, "when they have it."

Business organizations serving the country field always have tried to anticipate the buying habits of farmers. Especially did they give much thought to that type of planning in the days before the Year of the Big Storm. Huge fortunes were made by men skilled in this fascinating kind of forecasting, who were numerous in the personnel of mail order houses and agricultural implement companies. Memories of those happy days still survive among business executives. These leaders yet have the ability to smell green pastures from afar. They can start as quickly toward commercially attractive lands as a trained horse on a race track. And the trail blazers already are in action. Many a "big shot" in the industrial world has been polishing up his contacts with rural dealers and leading countrymen during the last few weeks in an effort to obtain an accurate current vista on "the farmer's state of mind."

These preliminary data on the potential demand for fabricated products over the countryside which they have

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obtained are being received with feelings of unrepressed joy by numerous manufacturers. They are delighted to find that "the farmers are at last getting some sense!" Various boards of directors are even now making plans for gradually stepping up production schedules in their plants, after reading reports on interviews with country residents. These investigations mirror a national trend in rural thinking which I have observed for some time in the farm community where I live.

III

They show, in brief, that countrymen will spend much of the larger income that agriculture is certain to secure in the more prosperous tomorrow on purchases that will contribute to real satisfaction in living. There is a general acceptance now among rural people of the belief that "farming is a way of life," and they propose to make the way more agreeable. The old-time desire to "make more money to buy more land to raise more corn to feed more hogs to make more money to buy more land" has vanished. It has gone down the fade-out trail followed by ox teams, covered wagons, one-horse plows and the feeling of confidence in the infallibility of the Republican Party.

Various potent influences have contributed to this changing viewpoint on the design for living over the countryside. The most important of these motivating forces is the general spread of advanced educational training among the younger men and women on the farms. In our neighborhood, for illustration, practically all the members of this group are either college or high school graduates. The more aggressive segment of the farm population no longer looks at the problems of country living from a grade-school background.

Their souls are filled with that divine discontent which is a requisite of all progress. To a considerable extent they share the impatience common among most urban dwellers over the backwardness of agriculture. This metropolitan viewpoint is an open book to them. They were subjected to the influences of the cities for many years while doing their advanced school work. A majority have been employed for a time in the towns. Most of the girls have had excellent training in home economics laboratories. Modern homes are no novelty to them.

The young farm people are demanding more from life than it brought to their fathers and mothers of the older generation, and they are planning to achieve these ambitions in the countryside. They highly value the freedom and independence of rural living, along with the beauty of the open fields and wooded hills of their home communities. Little fascination is exerted on them by the lure of the city; the disgraceful economic performance of urban industry during the last three years has shattered most of their illusions.

But this coming generation of farmers, which presently will be setting the buying pace for agriculture, is demanding a more attractive home environment. It is weary of taking baths in a tin washtub. And the light from a kerosene lamp no longer is satisfactory. There also is a keen desire through the country for better furniture and more efficient household appliances. The sales messages of manufacturers are falling on fertile ground.

These rural ambitions for better homes could be realized readily by about half the farmers, who are almost or entirely free of debt, if their earn-

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ings were on normal levels. For mass production has greatly reduced the cost of modern household equipment and furnishings in recent years.

A clear understanding of the distinction between debt-free farmers and other countrymen who are deeply involved financially is necessary for any one who is attempting to obtain an accurate perspective on the commercial possibilities of rural trade during the next few years. The income secured in the near future by upwards of half of the country people who are burdened with heavy obligations will be used mainly, of course, in reducing this load of debt. The rest of the folks, however, who generally make up the more substantial land-owning class, naturally can employ their additional earnings in the purchase of manufactured goods, or in any other way they see fit.

There is little probability that much of the income of either class will be used during the next decade for promoting another land boom, or in investments away from the farms. The business depression staged a splendid demonstration of the evils inherent in reckless financial expansion by rural people. It will take a long time for them to forget the lesson.

And there also is at last a general appreciation among countrymen that farming is not an industry in which great wealth can be accumulated. But most of them realize that it does have other substantial advantages. They generally believe that the growing of crops and animals offers an interesting and worth while career to those who place a high value on the opportunity for healthful living in the great outdoors. And when combined with an attractive home environment agriculture provides material rewards that compare favorably with those available to most urban residents.

This realistic viewpoint on rural life has been clear for many years to some of the deeper students of the agricultural set-up. And they usually have tried aggressively to improve living conditions in the countryside. The desire for more pleasing rural homes has been aided and abetted for a long time by farm leaders of the non-political type, such as F. D. Farrell, of Manhattan, Kansas, president of the Kansas State College. Most of these men have done far more than merely talk about the need for more attractive living standards in the country, although they also have injected a great deal of effective propaganda into the movement.

At the Kansas State College, as an illustration of the better farm homes background which has been fabricated in most States, a powerful department of rural architecture has been created. Its members, such as Walter G. Ward, the professor in charge, have secured a comprehensive training in both agriculture and architecture. They have taught their students how to design buildings that are practicable and which merge into the rural landscape. And the department also has provided a building service, and many standard plans, which are available to all farmers in the State.

Elaborate research work has been carried on by these specialists, usually in coöperation with manufacturers, on the application of household mechanics to country needs. The information secured from such studies has been applied in the homes of many leading Kansas farmers. And through the teachers of vocational agriculture, who may be found in all the larger high schools, and otherwise, the department has car-

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ried its campaign for better homes to most of the younger rural population.

Manufacturers thus are finding that a great deal of the preliminary educational work normally required in their sales projects already has been done. Their propaganda now is encountering a ready acceptance over the countryside. And it is about to bear commercial fruit. As the additional income for American agriculture rolls in during the next few years, it will largely be diverted, except on farms where the owners are deeply in debt, and except that portion which is required for the purchase of field and road equipment, to the makers of building materials, water supply systems, electric light plants, good furniture and modern household appliances.

A new set of homes will be dotted over the agricultural regions of the United States during the next decade. In their brighter environment most of the current disadvantages to farm life are certain to disappear. And the vast business transactions required by this evolution may contribute greatly to the complete commercial recovery of the nation.

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The Nazis Turn to "*Ersatz*"

By George Gerhard

What chance has Hitler of succeeding in his present plan to make Germany self-sufficient?

Back in 1920—on the twenty-fourth day of February, to be exact—the Nazis laid down twenty-five commandments to guide them on their march to Berlin and the Wilhelm Strasse. Their programme began with a demand for cancelation of the Treaty of Versailles—and ended with one for an all-powerful central authority. In between the two one could find demands for the former German colonies, for state ownership of all trusts, for "communalization" of the large department stores, for agricultural reform, for the elimination of Jews from the public life of the nation, and for many other things.

Some of these tenets have been realized, others have apparently been dropped in dispassionate silence. But it may be an indication of the wisdom and foresightedness of Nazi policy in its early stages that no mention whatever was made in these twenty-five commandments of that problem which is today, nineteen months after the ascendancy of Adolf Hitler, at the root of the Third Reich's difficulties: the shortage of raw materials, the inadequacy of foreign markets—briefly, the problem of economic self-sufficiency. The reason for the neglect in the original platform seems obvious: the Nazis put the chips of their propaganda and oratory on politics, and to them, economics was something which would follow automatically in the wake of the swastika, as the night follows the day.

To a philosophical mind, it might occur that it is the day rather that follows the night; and a more searching Nazi mind might have become aware of the possibility that the course of the political ship is definitely influenced by a lull or a breeze or a storm in the economic development of the country. If the Nazi mind has in the past failed to realize the importance of economics, current events have forced it quickly to remedy the oversight.

The man who stands as the political exponent of the New Germany, Adolf Hitler, and the man who is its present economic leader, Dr. Schacht, both agree that the nation must aim at greater self-sufficiency (they call it "autarchy") and, possibly, at complete economic independence. If they add, however, that autarchy has been forced upon them by a hostile world, they don't know their history—or they don't expect others to know it. Autarchy has long been a German household word, even under Stresemann and Dr. Brüning. For what would be more natural for a nation

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which has been defeated and suppressed by its enemies than to throw out its chest in bold defiance and to declare: "All right, if you abandon our stricken ship on the high seas, we shall make port under our own power, even if we have to use our shirts for sails." There is a difference, though. Under Brüning the flag of autarchy was conveniently hoisted as a worth while long-term economic policy; and the good will of the outside world was by no means neglected. Today, autarchy is a last refuge.

Economic self-sufficiency is to be attained in three ways: (1) by increasing the production of raw materials with greater physical effort; (2) by increasing the production of other natural products by new scientific or technical processes; (3) by the production of substitutes for raw materials. It may be noted at this point that so far autarchy seems to be aimed principally at purchases from foreign countries; it is not mentioned that all this new domestic production must be absorbed by the German people themselves. Nor is any provision made to increase wages and salaries and earnings so as to give the people the purchasing power to take care of the added industrial and agricultural output.

II

What, exactly, is the German Government doing in order to rid the country of its dependence upon foreign suppliers? Take, as an instance, the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute, which was founded in 1917 in the midst of the World War when the scarcity of raw materials created a desperate situation. It may or may not be a coincidence that a few months ago, in a similarly trying period, the foundation was laid for a new home for this institute which is devoted to iron and steel research and which has two purposes: first, to maintain the high prestige of German quality steel on the world market; second, to search for new methods in the manufacture of iron and steel under the present conditions of raw material scarcity.

The important part which the Institute plays in present-day, and undoubtedly will continue to play in future, Germany is not only derived from the military preparations of which the Hitler régime has been accused time and again, and in which the steel industry occupies the spotlight. It is also derived from the public works programme of the Government, for which some three billion marks will be expended, and which makes heavy demands on the steel industry. The revival of the metal and machine industries, the stimulation of exports, renewed building and housing activities throughout the country emphasize the importance of this leading key-industry. When it is recalled that steel production last year totaled nearly eight million tons, as compared with less than six million tons in 1932, and that the production of raw steel has nearly doubled within the last two years, it becomes obvious what a tremendous responsibility the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute is facing in its future work.

Germany has a very vital interest in new scientific methods of improving the quality of inferior iron ore. The domestic iron ore production could be increased by about two million tons annually from domestic mines, of which those in Bavaria are the most abundant, their deposits being estimated at hundreds of millions of tons. But the German ore is far below that of Swedish, French or Belgian origin in quality; hence, new methods of smelting must be found if the Germans are to make the proper use

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of their ore deposits. This will be one of the chief tasks of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute.

The annual convention of the Association of German Chemists, recently held at Cologne, disclosed some interesting trends on the problem of how to achieve greater economic self-sufficiency. Dr. Drawe of Berlin told of the production of gas through a special process of combustion of coal with oxygen. Over 35,000 cubic feet of city gas were obtained out of one ton of soft coal. The enormous advantage of this special process would be complete gasification of the coal, whereas heretofore only about twenty or twenty-five per cent was convertible into gas. This may be bad news for the coal magnates of the Ruhr Valley, who have had more than enough competition from the gas manufacturers. But then a better and more profitable use for coal may soon be found if present studies of the synthetic production of oils and fats out of coal lead to more practical results than have so far been obtained.

Another product which interests the German Government and chemists alike is the soya bean. No other seed, with the sole exception of the peanut, contains between fifteen and twenty-four per cent of fat, and between thirty-five and forty-nine per cent of albumin, as the soya bean does. As food and as fodder it is equally important, not to speak of its value to the chemical industry for the manufacture of oils, soaps and the like. The soya bean costs Germany about one hundred million marks every year on the import list. In past years, the cultivation of the bean was handicapped, for various reasons: the import price was so low that the farmer was not very much attracted by the prospect of competing with the Far East product. Besides, climatic conditions did not seem favorable to large-scale planting of the bean. Now, however, the Government has decreed that steps must be taken to save a large amount of foreign exchange every year by cultivating the bean, thus supplying not only the population but industry also with a highly valued raw material. Just how successful the plan is going to be must be left to time and the ingenuity of the Nazi régime. Land is scarce, and if the soya bean is to be planted on a large scale, other crops will have to be reduced.

Another speaker at the convention advocated increased oilseed cultivation, which has dwindled to almost nothing in the last fifty years. While in 1875 between 350,000 and 400,000 hectares accounted for this particular branch of agriculture, last year there were not more than 5,000 hectares in cultivation of oilseeds. Germany is dependent upon foreign suppliers of both mineral and vegetable oils, and therefore the Government is determined to exploit oilseed cultivation to the full capacity of the German peasantry. It will continue for another year the minimum price guarantee to farmers producing oilseeds. By bounties, it has succeeded in doubling this year the area under flax, and in nearly quintupling the area under rape and other oilseeds. Heretofore, only an insignificant part of the German consumption of vegetable oils has been supplied by domestic producers. But—as in the case of the soya bean—increased production is limited by a lack of suitable lands, as well as by the small number of oil-bearing plants that are adapted to German conditions. Any substantial increase could only be made at the expense of grain production. Yet the Government seems confident—otherwise it would not have suspended all imports

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of vegetable oils and oleaginous raw materials, as it recently did.

The subject of the loudest propaganda is the replacement of imported raw materials by synthetic substitutes. Textiles are leading the procession, most of which are products of the rayon industry, which has a proud record but a poor future. Back in 1913 Germany was first on the list of world production, followed by Great Britain and France. Italy was in sixth place, and the United States supplied not more than 5.7 per cent of world production. Last year, the United States headed the procession, with thirty-two per cent of the world output, followed by Japan with fifteen per cent, Great Britain thirteen, and Italy twelve per cent—with Germany nowhere in the picture. In fact, between 1913 and 1933 German imports of rayon rose from 1,600,000 kilograms to 10,300,000, and last year they supplied more than thirty per cent of total domestic consumption.

Again, the Government raises a determined fist. Imports of rayon have been placed on the restricted list. Technical improvements and lower production cost are counted upon to make greater self-sufficiency of the rayon industry a reality. But—again there are difficulties. The industry has to import wood which it can not find on the home market. What is even more important, expansion and reorganization of the industry would require a vast investment of new capital and would destroy old investments. The new materials which have appeared on the market are technically inferior and can not compete with foreign products. Besides, they are very dear. Neither of these factors justifies new capital investment. Besides, for an inferior product there would be no export market. Yet the Government insists that the rayon industry must develop to a point where it can take care of the domestic demand.

III

Here, then, are some efforts in three leading key industries. Steel, which we first took up, is indispensable for housing, building, construction. Food and vegetable and mineral oils are as essential to human beings as shelter. And the last subject which was discussed, textiles and rayon, have to do with clothing the people. So there are the three fundamentals: shelter, food and clothing. If the Government succeeds in establishing the economic self-sufficiency of the country in these three fields, at least the people can be sure of the fundamental requirements of living a civilized life. True, there are many other products which have to be imported: lumber, for instance, of which eighty-five per cent of the total domestic demand has to be imported; or leather, nearly sixty per cent; or paper fifty per cent; or tobacco of which practically one hundred per cent has to be purchased from foreign countries.

But these and other products, while important for the industrial life of the nation, do not affect the life of the individual citizen to any great extent. Even if the Government gives attention to the production of artificial leather and artificial rubber, even if it replaces copper with aluminum (for which, incidentally, the raw material, bauxite, has to be imported from abroad, too), even if according to latest reports fuel oil is being successfully produced from coal, one may conveniently forget about these and other achievements. They are secondary in importance; they may make, in different circumstances, contributing factors to the prosperity of a nation. But that is

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not the issue at stake. The primary demand in the German situation today and tomorrow and the day after is to pull the people, and therefore the nation, through a period of political and economic isolation. Can Hitler and his followers feed and house and clothe the people, out of the people's own resources and independent of the attitude of the rest of the world?

Offhand, one would feel inclined to say no. For obvious reasons: first, Germany's industry and agriculture have been built from the very beginning upon the basis of "service," that is, to serve the outside world. They have not been the final product of an age-old attempt to attain self-sufficiency; that came only after the World War. Long before, they grew and prospered not because of the domestic, but because of the foreign markets; and the people at home prospered because industry and agriculture prospered. How, then, could any régime step forth and make the bold announcement that from now on the farmer and the manufacturer must give up their dreams about world domination (so far as their sales are concerned) and must serve first and foremost the nation at home? This would involve tremendous sacrifices, would change their economic structure and would turn inside out their organization, their policies and their whole economic attitude and outlook. It would mean revamping completely a nation that was born in an international cradle in a commercial sense and that had given all the years of its young life to the (once more commercial) realization of its mission.

As much and as strongly as any such effort is condemned by common sense, as well as by fifty centuries of mankind's history, one must admit this much: so many things have been changed within the short period of Hitlerism that one ought to be careful not to put the cards down on the table and say: "Impossible!" What would have been considered "possible" two, three years ago? The wholesale elimination of the Jews? The defiance of a whole world? The blindfolding of sixty-five million people? The open preparation for another war? The firm (and ever growing firmer) establishment of Adolf Hitler and his Nazis?

Hence, it may not be so unwise, after all, to give at least passing thought to the possibility that National-Socialism may succeed in its fight for "*Ersatz*," for substitutes of important raw materials, too. There are factors that speak for such achievement. First of all, German industry is today far from what it was in 1914. Its unique structure (built for the purpose of serving the world demand) was first affected by the requirements of the World War. After the revolution, it had to change around and, because of the lack of domestic buying power, produce for the world markets once more. Meanwhile, export possibilities have shrunk to a considerable extent while at the same time the Nazis have started their public works programme and other measures designed to give work to industry—armaments may be only one of them.

By the same token, the German peasant has found a great patron in the Nazi régime. He has for some time felt the uncomfortable pressure of foreign growers, of declining world prices, of abundant supplies. And for some years even before the coming of the swastika he had had high tariff protection, import quotas on foreign shipments and special privileges on the domestic market.

Thirdly, the Nazis are not starting at the bottom of a depression. In fact,

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they are riding the crest of relative prosperity at home. It is not their fault—they were merely lucky in that economic betterment in the Fatherland started actually six months before Hitler assumed power.

So, when you hear of autarchy, do not dismiss it without remembering that the Nazis have made headway in the past without the world. Even if every precedent is a warning to Hitler to go slowly, his tremendous hold on the imagination of his people may prove powerful enough to shatter every one of them—even to regain the good will of the world.

This Is Peace

By Frances Frost

This is rest: last leaf
down-stricken from the gray
twig and sky, the sheaf
bent to the final day.

Under the silver limb
of autumn, cool, undone,
this is peace for him
who, in the heat of sun,

set his heart to the green
upturn of loam, to seed
broken in bud, the lean
and toss of purple weed.

Now a calm and amber
enchanted change has come
upon the hills. November
sends beast and blossom home,

blows across man's eyes
the ghost of frozen aster,
the balm of empty skies,
the quiet of disaster.

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Modern Maledictions, Execrations and Cuss-Words

By Burges Johnson

While the theological bases for cursing were being undermined, the younger generation discovered new ones

When man began to lose his belief in a petty-minded, interfering God, then oaths and curses began to lose their true value. Enemies hurling curses at one another had to believe that each curse had the backing of some sort of Omnipotence, or it couldn't amount to much. Perhaps it was not so important for the man who hurled the curse to believe in it; but certainly the man at whom it was hurled ought to be convinced of its authority.

As the conviction slowly died out that there was a God ready at a moment's notice to take sides in any small quarrel, the sonorous old oaths dwindled. "By God's Mercy!" shrank to "Gramercy"; "By God's Death!" became "Odsdeath," "God's Wounds!" became "Zounds," and finally along with a sturdy lot of profane relatives went down into complete oblivion. The Goodness and Graciousness of Deity still serve the ladies for mild emphasis, "Dio Mio" has become "dear me"; "A pox upon you!" has been vaccinated out of existence; and "May you be condemned to eternal torment!" has shriveled into "damn." In fact the only real oaths we have left must be galvanized daily into life by perjury laws. Even the bootleg profanity of Yankee Calvinists who thought they might hurl God's name without His knowing it—gee, gol, gosh and godfrey—is no more today than the trash of speech, undeserving a capital letter or an exclamation point. Yet until recently there still lingered about some of these tattered and soiled fragments of an abandoned theology a sort of mystery, an aroma of power. They ceased to be curses, but they continued as cuss-words. Their value lay in the fact that those at whom they were hurled, while having no idea of what they once meant, still sensed a malign significance. At their worst, when they were made up of words which were socially ostracized, they became maledictions, or Bad Words. A malediction, I take it, is an invocation of evil from no omnipotent source, but a sort of home-made defilement. Little boys who use any of them have their mouths washed out with soap.

One other dwindling heritage remained to us from a form of cursing which was the most ancient of all; when

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man called upon Deity to turn his enemy into a pig or an ass, or any other creature lacking in social status. This form of execration still survived as "epithets," or the calling of names.

Please note that I have been employing a past tense. For in this present day of unrestrained emphasis, even the surviving cuss-words, maledictions and execrations of ancient and half-forgotten lineage are dying of anemia, sharing the fate of Zounds and Gramercy and Odsblood. There seems to be little left that a man might use against his adversary except logic, and that of course is out of the question.

II

But man must have words to hurl; and I am suddenly aware that a new vocabulary of vituperation has been born while I slept. Its terms perhaps lack the authority of the old oaths and curses. But at least they are cuss-words. They have all the requisites: neither the cusser nor the cussed knows just what they mean; and yet there clings to them a certain mystery, a malign portentousness.

Plutocrat! Bolshevik! Capitalist! Communist! Pacifist! Imperialist! Militarist! Fascist! Radical! Rotarian! Bourgeoisie! Petite-Bourgeoisie! Proletariat! Hurl one of these in the proper tone of voice, and the cussed shrinks back as from a blow, while the cusser gains all of that spiritual relief which was once enjoyed by the militant churchman who cried, "*Anathema, maran atha, maledicta!*"

No dictionary is new enough to offer definitions of these words based on current usage, for usage changes overnight. A "plutocrat" used to be one who ruled by reason of his wealth; but rich men in hopeless minorities, rich men who do not want to buy political power, rich men harassed and overtaxed, rich men in jail—all are plutocrats. Bolshevik comes from a Russian word meaning majority. In America we believe that the majority should rule but that a Bolshevik shouldn't. A Bolshevik in Russia believes in Russia first—Russia for the Russians; down with foreign goods, foreign music, foreign capital, foreign labor! In America it is the Rotarian, so I am told, who believes in America first, and down with foreign labor and foreign goods. *Ergo*, a Rotarian is a Bolshevik. A Communist is one who believes that all wealth should be held in common; that those who were lowest should be as the highest, and that those who were highest have no right to live at all. All power, they say, should be in the hands of the common people; and yet all communes, since time began, have been ruled by dictators. An Internationalist is one who seeks to force our government to do something about the Jews in Germany, but either doubts or regrets the waves of emotion which swept our country at news of "Butcher Weyler's" concentration camps of starving women and children in Cuba. An Internationalist would make sacrifices for his household, and his village, and for all mankind; but not for his nation, as represented by "the flag." I have yet to learn his exact attitude toward county, State, congressional district and other political units. A Militarist believes in a bigger and better army in order to avoid fighting. A Pacifist believes in bigger and better fighting in order to avoid the army. A Pacifist is, in fact, one who believes he should not resist a foreign foe, but would like to die resisting an American policeman.

Somehow, out of all this scrambled usage, I hope sooner or later to obtain

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definitions, and then will come power! For if you have followed my reasoning you must know that the strength of a cuss-word lies in its mystery. When I have them defined I may still hurl them with effect, but if they are hurled at me I am as Achilles.

Achilles in truth! For I shall always have a vulnerable heel. That word "Bourgeoisie"; I shrink from it in argument. Give it just the right twist of pronunciation, stretched out, with a showing of teeth when you come to the "wah," and a hissing "z" sound to the "s," and I lie down on my back, metaphorically, and put all four feet in the air. When it is followed up in attack by Petite-Bourgeoisie I am dead, and Proletariat buries me.

It does me little good to reason about these words; to say that they are used by people who borrow terms as well as arguments from an old-world situation and foolishly try to apply them to the new. Am I of the bourgeoisie? I can't be, unless there is an aristocracy above me, and two "classes" below. Is it wealth that separates our superior from our middle class? Tell that to the old citizens of Massachusetts or of Virginia or the Carolinas, and then call out the marines. Is it birth? I have some Mayflower ancestors but I greatly fear me they were proletariat when they came over; and some Virginian forebears were lower than that, if there is anything lower than a proletarian. Is it rank? That comes into existence at the whim of the supreme authority, which would confine our uppest class to senators and representatives, or else to judges and post-office employes. It would depend upon whether you held that supreme power rested with the people or with Mr. Farley.

I have a Communist friend—he applies the term to himself—who says our three American classes are the exploiters, the exploited and (in between) the petits-exploiters—jackals, as it were, who run around after the lions. He says I am one of the latter. Why? Partly my attitude of mind, but chiefly because my slender savings are invested in stocks and bonds, which represent the sweat of the toilers. He thinks it is my investments which determine my attitude of mind. My education or culture, he says, has nothing to do with it, and I wonder just what he implies by that. Patiently I pointed out to him that at various times in my life I have had traffic with plumbers, carpenters, mechanics and others who are said to exude perspiration; and in more than one instance I suspected that their investments exceeded mine, and that *they* exploited *me*. He admitted that while there are undoubtedly three classes in America—otherwise how could a poor social agitator gain a living?—yet the members of our classes are regrettably lacking in class-consciousness and refuse to stay put. A banker in jail, I was told, working with a road gang, is still bourgeoisie because he wants to get out and get back to his exploiting. But a street-sweeper, who wishes he were not a street-sweeper but investing that banker's money, is still proletariat.

III

"There's glory for you!"

"I don't know just what you mean by 'glory,'" Alice said.

Humpty Dumpty smiled contemptuously. "Of course you don't—till I tell you. I meant 'there's a nice knock-down argument for you!'"

"But 'glory' doesn't mean 'a nice knock-down argument,'" Alice objected.

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"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean —neither more nor less."

So far as most of those new cuss-words are concerned I have gained some immunity. I have stopped shrinking. Not so in the face of another group. "Introvert!" "Complex!" "Moronic!" "Inhibited!" "Mind-Set!" "Habituation!" "Prepotent Response!" "Defense Mechanism!" "Eye-Cue!" As a very small boy it was my custom, if I found myself near some barnacled old salt who muttered hoarsely, "Avast there, blast your eyes!" to withdraw hastily and seek the purer companionship of my parents. I was taught that such words might be the heralding of a richer verbal onslaught, equally obscure but even more dangerous. Today, when I find myself in the company of some frail and inoffensive appearing schoolmarm, and she chances to murmur "Fixation!" or "Psychosis!" my early training reasserts itself and I seek safer companionship.

Once upon a time vituperation was cabined and confined. Strong words were for strong men. But times have changed. "Damn" is lisped from the cradle, and the vocabulary of youth has burgeoned. When the average young person of today really unlimbers, even an old sinner might better sound the retreat.

"Freudian Complex!" Here is a pair of expletives which, in combination, have almost the authority of an oath. Add "Libido!" and they become a curse. I have heard them from the lips of a young woman who watched me with the wide eyes of apparent innocence; and I knew they heralded a barrage that would cause that horny old salt of my childhood to blush through his tan, could he have understood it all.

There is an essay that I must write some day. It will be entitled "Is There Anything left to Whisper About?" My thesis will be that some of the lost reticences had their value. But just how to prove it I have not yet reasoned out.

To the same extent I sigh now and then for the conservation of profanity. I think that I might one day learn to use some of these new maledictions and execrations, and attack my own contemporaries with them; but militant youth, thus armed, frightens me.

"My son," I protest, "I don't see how you could possibly consider doing such a thing!"

"In that case," he retorts, "your eye-cue must be subnormal." It is almost as though he had replied, "The-hell-you-say!" In fact the enormity of what he might mean, if either of us understood, leaves me tongue-tied.

Cussing in my day never meant anything. But in those arguments where it was used, the one who used most, and pronounced it most emphatically, generally won. That is still true. In these latter days I have known an assemblage of parents of both sexes to engage in argument upon the upbringing of children, all contentedly talking at once; until some firm young person suddenly silences the lot of them by interjecting the word "Norm!" It is as unsafe to ask her what she meant as to inquire of a London cabby what he means by "Gorblyme." He would only swear again, and worse.

The old-time cussing had its source in theology. The lexicon of bright youth today is far richer, drawn as it is from sociology, pedagogy, and above all from psychology. Here is a science that seems to be all expletive. I myself have heard two vocal adepts in this field hurling at

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each other "Ideation," "Epiphenomenalism," "Panpsychism," "Psycho-physical Monism," "Inhibited," "Gestalt," until the air was shattered.

"Impenetrability! That's what I say!"

"Would you tell me, please," said Alice, "what that means?"

"Now you talk like a reasonable child," said Humpty Dumpty, looking very much pleased. "I meant by 'impenetrability' that we've had enough of that subject, and it would be just as well if you'd mention what you mean to do next, as I suppose you don't mean to stop here all the rest of your life."

"That's a great deal to make one word mean," Alice said, in a thoughtful tone.

In Time Of Drought

By May Williams Ward

Drought is not only the lack of rain,
Not only. . . .
In drought man thinks that he prays in vain.
Ah, lonely,
Forsaken, resentful, he shrivels inside.
Apart
From the bone-bare field and the choking herd
There is drought of heart.

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The Literary Landscape

by

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THE last time I wrote a Landscape under the pear tree where I am now sitting, it was early summer and the brook that roars at my back, disgorging itself of the autumn floods was just as busy then with the downpours of June. The march of the seasons has made the expected alterations in the color of the country, but in spite of these superficial changes, there is the feeling of permanence that is always to be found in nature, and a very comfortable feeling it is, too, in a world so torn as ours.

The brook sings in the same key, and has the same trick of making its human neighbors dream that it is raining, and half-awake, to realize that nothing need be done about the windows; in fact, that nothing at all need be done except to stretch, snuggle under the covers, and sink again into sleep, without the sound of a single squealing brake or thumping manhole cover to break the profound peace.

How much quieter the country is in autumn than in spring, when things are beginning! The phoebe-bird that was busy with her family during the other visit is gone; the lovely barn-swallows, whose mother lured them out into the open after giving them flying lessons in the barn for a week, and taught them all the tricks, have vanished. Last night the katydids argued for a while in the rain; otherwise, there were no sounds, and this morning, neither sound nor motion, except for the brook, and the chipmunk, still pudgy from peanuts and chocolate candy, but not entirely spoiled, for he was busy very early with a large apple, which he added to his winter store only after a hard struggle.

Many things have happened in the world since that other Landscape, and few, one grieves to say, from which much comfort can be extracted, except that there was no European war in the late summer. Next year, say the prophets; about June or maybe as late as July. . . . No one can fail to see that all the ingredients are present for an explosion which might make the other World War look like a Sunday School picnic, but poverty may save the day, or at least postpone the disaster. For modern warfare is a very expensive pastime, and recent revelations concerning our friends the munitions makers make it seem unlikely that they would be interested in financing a war if there were any uncertainty about the bills being paid.

They Are Business Men

They are, as Shaw pointed out some

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years ago, in business to make money and it is hard to understand how they could expect to profit by another universal conflict that would be bound to leave Europe bankrupt, and which might conceivably inflict wounds from which civilization would be several generations recovering. So about the only thing for those of us who do not love war to do is to pray that everybody keeps broke, with the faint hope that before money gets plentiful again, mankind will by some miracle make up his mind that war is foolishness and give it up as a bad and unprofitable habit.

As for what is happening in our own country, the opinion continues to prevail, especially among followers of the doctrines of Karl Marx, that we are headed for Fascism, and that the only alternative is Communism. Marxians are believers in a rigid dogma, in fact, a far more rigid dogma than Marx himself taught, which sometimes happens in religions, and from the Landscaper's point of view they are far too cocksure in their prophecies, since it does not seem by any means certain that we shall either have to go Fascist or Communist. Either extreme would be antagonistic to American traditions, which lie much better than many superficial observers realize, and this remark applies both to foreigners and to our natives who haven't been around the place very long, or who know America in its urban aspects alone.

The End of Capitalism

One of the longest and most impressive of the recent books in this field is Lewis Corey's *The Decline of American Capitalism* (Covici-Friede, $3.50), in which Mr. Corey attempts to prove that capitalism as we have known it is quite definitely done for, and that the only question is "What next?" There are six hundred pages, about two hundred too many, because of the repetitions, and Mr. Corey has made out an excellent case, one of the most convincing yet set down. The volume is heavy going because of the style, but in spite of all its handicaps, it deserves the attention of thinking people. It is not sensational, neither is it a dogmatic attempt to show that because Karl Marx said so capitalism must go; Mr. Corey believes that capital had as much to do with its fate as the prophecies of Marx.

Another book in the same general field is a large and handsome symposium called *Challenge to the New Deal*, edited by Alfred M. Bingham and Selden Rodman (Falcon Press, $3.50), in which the editors of *Common Sense*, with the help of many distinguished contributors, undertake to show that the New Deal was doomed from the start because of its attempt to straddle, and that the only solution for our problems is a far more radical attack than we have had up to the present. The contributors represent a wide range of thought, and no unified programme; most of them are simply "agin the government." The Bingham-Rodman programme itself is, of course, Left political action through the Farmer-Labor party; they believe the interests of farmers and industrial workers lie side by side, which is a charming piece of naïveté on their part. However, there are some excellent essays in the collection, and a large number of amusing cartoons.

James Warburg's *It's Up to Us* (Knopf, $2.50) is one more book bearing directly upon present problems. Mr. Warburg believes generally in a swing back to the Right and away from what he considers regimentation, although in

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asking for a return to "early principles" he admits that the Republican party has taken many planks from Socialist platforms in the past and may have to do as much again. In other words, Mr. Warburg seems to the Landscaper to want the Elephant to gallop off in opposite directions simultaneously, which is no easy trick even for a political elephant accustomed to many strange and difficult maneuvers. Mr. Warburg, however, represents a sort of middle-ground common sense point of view that is never out of place; useful as a check and balance, if for nothing else.

Death of the White Race

In connection with the prospects for another World War, and also in connection with the political and economic future of this country, Dr. Enid Charles's *The Twilight of Parenthood* (Norton, $2.50) makes exceedingly interesting, if rather alarming, reading. Dr. Charles announces that the white race is committing suicide by not having a sufficient number of children even to maintain its present numbers, much less to increase at a sufficient rate to consume all the products, industrial and agricultural, that science is dumping into the world.

It is her conclusion that in no single white country, except Russia, is there a possibility of an increase in population during the next hundred years, that in some countries, the decline has already set in, and that it will come quickly to the majority of the others. Also in Japan, despite the efforts of the authorities to keep the birth rate up, there has been a steady decline for the past ten years, which is accelerating. Vital statistics among the black races are hard to come by, although it is clearly established that the Negro birth rate in the United States is suffering a rapid decline under the urbanization of the race.

So we are faced with a future of plenty and very few people to enjoy it, if the trend can not be reversed, which does not appear improbable. Perhaps some new system will be put into effect that will make everybody love life so much that it will quite naturally be passed on to as many offspring as possible. However, as matters stand, the authority of the churches has either disappeared or is very much weakened, and practical means of contraception are available to practically everybody, with the results as suggested in the foregoing paragraphs.

Plenty of Food

As an appendage to Dr. Charles's book, there is O. W. Willcox's *Reshaping Agriculture* (Norton, $2.50), which deals the Malthusian theory another hard blow, and which attempts to prove that farming in the future will be safe and easy, although how it can be profitable if there are no people to consume is quite another matter.

On the question of world trends, R. Palme Dutt, an English follower of Marx, has written a readable if often illogical and unreasonable book called *Fascism and the Social Revolution* (International Publishers, $2.25). The title tells the story: the only choice is between Fascism and Communism, and Communism is ideal, whereas Fascism is just terrible, so why doesn't the whole world demand Communism, which besides being ideal is inevitable, because Marx said so. Mr. Dutt sees a close parallel between Roosevelt and Hitler, which shows what a strange and wonderful thing is the mind of an orthodox Marxist.

Gerald Heard, who is a noted broad-

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caster in England, writes about our own times from a somewhat different angle in *These Hurrying Years* (Oxford University Press, $2.50), an interpretative history of the Twentieth Century to date. It is Mr. Heard's theory that we are living in a new world, and that unless we can adjust ourselves to it, our minds particularly, the whole show will blow up, and the human race will have to start over. What he would like to have us do is to content ourselves with a sort of vague belief in the existence of a First Cause, and beyond this to keep our minds open and well-ventilated, or in other words, to do something the human race has never been able to do up to this point, namely to face eternity without any certainty whatever.

A Radio Philosopher

Mr. Heard writes vigorously and is often delightfully ironical. Some of his history is excellent reading, some of it quite irritating. As a philosopher, he rates about as far up the list as might be expected from anybody who talks regularly over the radio; the Landscaper feels that at bottom he has very little to offer except entertainment, and that if his premise is true, that we live in a wholly new world to which we must make our adjustments or perish, we'll just perish.

To begin with, a large part of the old world is left both outside mankind and inside, and even if it were not the race has not yet mastered such speedy adaptability as Mr. Heard demands. Too much must not be expected when so many of us in this age suffer all our lives from digestive troubles the cause of which is that some remote ancestor decided eons ago to get up off his all-fours. . . .

But that our world if not altogether new has many wonderful new things in it nobody can deny. Many of these modern miracles are fully treated in A. Frederick Collins's *The New World of Science* (Lippincott, $2.50), the result of a visit to the Century of Progress Exposition. Mr. Collins ranges widely, explaining the photoelectric cell and its uses, how planetaria are made, the latest thing in automata, television, and so on. There are many diagrams and illustrations, and even explanations about making many of the devices. It is an interesting volume, although very badly written; if you buy a copy for your teen-age boy, who will probably eat it up, tell him he is not to take the style as a model.

The Wall Street Casino

To swing back to economics for a moment, there is John T. Flynn's *Security Speculation: Its Economic Effects* (Harcourt, Brace), which can not be passed by, since Mr. Flynn is the Landscaper's favorite writer on Wall Street. He believes the Stock Market is a gambling joint and says so and comes as near to proving his point as anybody can.

Of world affairs outside our own direct range, although concerned with events that may have a hand in shaping our future, also, there are two new books about what is happening in central China, where a Soviet Republic is actually functioning, with some 80,000,000 adherents. They are: General Victor A. Yakhontoff's *The Chinese Soviets* (Coward-McCann, $3), and Agnes Smedley's *China's Red Army Marches* (Vanguard, $2.50). General Yakhontoff's book is factual and documented, where Miss Smedley's is colorful and romantic, but there is no essential disagreement between the two observers. Miss Smedley is completely partisan, and perhaps not free from exaggera-

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tion of the heroic qualities of the Red Army, but this has nothing to do with the importance of what she is writing about. Both writers are of the opinion that the establishment of this Communist government arose from the needs of the peasants and was not the result of external propaganda; both consider it likely that the nation within a nation may be a nucleus from which will grow a government strong enough to offer stiff and effective resistance against foreign domination.

As footnotes to all these books about contemporary affairs, R. B. Mowat's charming study of the Eighteenth Century, *The Age of Reason* (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), and Herbert M. Morais's *Deism in Eighteenth Century America* (Columbia University Press, $3.50), make good reading, particularly since the tolerance and internationalism of the Eighteenth Century have so completely disappeared from our own nationalistic age. The Landscaper has always had a passion for The Age of Reason, which had a far stronger influence upon the culture of the ante-bellum South than is generally known, and the course of Deism in this country, including its final defeat at the hands of the orthodox, is an exceptionally interesting subject, which Mr. Morais has treated thoroughly, although the arrangement of his material leaves much to be desired.

Gossip About Presidents

There are so many novels waiting for attention that not all the space can be given to the most delightful book of the month, which is Irwin W. (Ike) Hoover's *Forty-Two Years in the White House* (Houghton Mifflin, $3), an inside account of events and people in the Executive Mansion from the administration of Cleveland down to the arrival of the present Roosevelts. This book has everything in it to attract a wide public, and if it is not high up on all best-seller lists by the time these words appear, the Landscaper will be willing to admit that he is no kin to a prophet.

Hoover saw everything and has set it all down in candor; his book is even-tempered and convincing, and pretty much without heroes, although he thought Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson were somewhat above ordinary stature. The other Presidents he knew intimately seemed to him not at all above the ordinary and some of them below average. Coolidge he considered a little queer, but the Executive he really disliked was Hoover, who, he says, never had a pleasant word for anybody and who "worked all the time like a man in fear of losing his job." The book is in some respects of first importance historically, but aside from its permanent value, it is chock-full of the most fascinating gossip, and as much of this is about the President's wives as about the Presidents, so that women readers will like it no less well than the men. The publishers announce that the book-version is virtually entirely different from the parts of Mr. Hoover's manuscript that appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Good American Novels

Several distinguished American novels have appeared since the last Landscape was written, and of a notable half-dozen three of the authors are men, which shows that not all our good fiction comes from the distaff side, although the women in this country do hold the lead by an unmistakable margin.

The six are Grace Zaring Stone's *The Cold Journey* (Morrow, $2.50), Jo-

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sephine Johnson's *Now in November* (Simon and Schuster, $2), Nancy Hale's *Never Any More* (Scribner, $2.50), Archie Binns's *Lightship* (Reynal and Hitchcock, $2.50), Samuel Rogers's *Dusk at the Grove* (Atlantic Monthly Press–Little, Brown, $2.50) and John O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50).

Mrs. Stone is the only established novelist in the lot. She is already well known for *The Bitter Tea of General Yen*, *The Heaven and Earth of Doña Elena*, etc. The present book is concerned with the Deerfield Massacre, and the adventures of the survivors who were taken to Canada, and who finally found their way back again to the Massachusetts colony. It is, therefore, a historical novel as to general classification, but actually it is a study in three civilizations, the Puritan, the French or Catholic, and the Indian; and Mrs. Stone has brought a great deal of ironical wisdom to the task of setting these three off one against the other. A style that is cool, balanced and precise, an understanding of people, particularly women, and a keen sense of the technique of the novel combine to make this book a genuine work of art, and to the Landscaper's way of thinking Mrs. Stone's finest achievement to date.

A Mature First Novel

Josephine Johnson is a very young short story writer whose first novel is a story of our own times, the adventures of a family driven back to the land by the depression. The time is the summer when everything depends on the successful outcome of the crops and a drouth ensues. There are other tragedies, one on top of another, but the philosophy of the book is not gloomy or pessimistic, rather it is the simple truth that life somehow goes on and that a sense of the beauty of small things is a secure defense against anything that may happen to pathetic human beings. Both the writing and the point of view are astonishingly mature, and lead one to expect a great deal of this very talented new author.

Miss Hale's novel is concerned with the workings of the New England conscience in the lives of three modern young women, and is written with both skill and insight, a well-organized and moving novel, which owes much to modern technique, and which is well worth reading.

Mr. Rogers's *Dusk in the Grove*, which won the current $10,000 Atlantic Monthly prize, and which is the first American novel to gain this coveted award, is a fine example of the stream-of-consciousness novel in which this method is handled with deftness, and in which the characters come vividly to life. It is the story of an American family whose lives centre about a Rhode Island summer place, and it follows the fortunes of mother and father and the children to the end, or at least until we see which way things are going for them. The prose is smoothly beautiful for the most part, and while the book is by no means great, it is far superior to most prize novels. As this is being written, it has won considerable popularity, although it has been criticized by proletarian reviewers because its people seem to be aloof from the contemporary struggle, secure middle-class people whose troubles arise from conflict within rather than without. The Landscaper feels that its problems are so essentially human that no system can remove them, and does not, therefore, hold that the book is any less im-

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portant because Communism is never mentioned in it.

Life Aboard a Lightship

Mr. Binns's novel deals with the lives of a small group of men on a lightship off the Pacific Coast. The main thread of the story is the fate of the ship itself, to which we are introduced at a time when storms have cheated of proper relief, and when food and coal are both running low. Mr. Binns tells the tale of each of the men, who are a thoroughly interesting lot of human beings. The author spent months on a lightship himself when young, and his atmosphere is therefore authentic, but again his primary interest is in people, in the strange things that go on in their minds, and the curious adventures they manage to have before they drop anchor. Done with admirable grasp of the material and with cleverness in the weaving of a complicated pattern, this is a very good novel indeed, romantic in its essence, although credible and unstrained. It reveals a new author who has something to say, in addition to being able to write exceptionally well.

Mr. O'Hara's study of life in a Pennsylvania town has the failings and the virtues of a certain hardboiled attitude toward life and people that is to be found in the works of Dorothy Parker, and which is also familiar to readers of Mr. O'Hara's short stories in *The New Yorker* and elsewhere. He deals with the country club set and the emptiness of the lives of its members. His central figure is a handsome, attractive and successful automobile dealer, whom we meet when his life has taken a sudden turn for the worse, and who seems unable to check his disastrous course. Trapped by his own weaknesses and follies, he takes the easy way out by suicide.

Mr. O'Hara's Virtues

In its details there is no denying the truth of Mr. O'Hara's picture, the excellence of his dialogue, nor his ability to tell a story. But there is a brittleness about the whole thing that does not make for real excellence, and the brittleness lies only partly in the nature of the material. One has the feeling that Mr. O'Hara's admiration for his unadmirable characters is too great; his racketeer is too romantic, and the racketeer's assistant, Al Grecco, too noble. The language of the book is completely frank, and the sexual episodes unvarnished, although it is certainly in no sense deliberately pornographic. Rather, it is an indication that we live in an age that does not recognize dignity, and there are some of us who think this is a loss; that people who do not recognize dignity as of any importance are able to live only slightly above the animal level. So when they decide to kill themselves, it is very hard to be moved, for there is no tragedy in the death of the trivial and the ordinary, defeated by its own inner weaknesses. However, Mr. O'Hara's book is highly readable.

Of recent English novels, Rose Macaulay's *Going Abroad* (Harper, $2.50), a satire on Buchmanism in the Basque country, and a most amusing picture of a group of English people, plus two beauty shop owners, during a summer on the northern coast of Spain, is one of the choicest items. Miss Macaulay is gentler than she used to be, but she can still make a bull's eye with her barbs, and this book is easily one of the most entertaining the Landscaper has seen this season.

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Charming English Panorama

Doris Leslie's *Full Flavour* (Macmillan, $2.50) is a long and leisurely novel of the panoramic type, covering Victorian England and fetching up at the World War. Its central figure is Catherine Ducrox, who becomes after the death of her charming but ineffective father the head of a cigar business and at last an important factor in the whole English tobacco trade. She is therefore a prototype of the modern business woman, and a charming person besides. There are many other characters and sufficient adventures to keep the story moving gently along, and the fact that the discerning reader will see how the book is constructed will probably not mar his pleasure in it all. It is, as one reviewer said, "sweetly written," and the Landscaper enjoyed it thoroughly with one reservation, Miss Leslie's single American character, whose language is atrocious and impossible and who is vulgar because she is American. The English are very tiresome on this point.

Hugh Walpole's latest, *Captain Nicholas* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), is a Walpole potboiler about a charming villain who returns to the London home of his family after a long absence and just about wrecks a peaceful and old-fashioned household. Speaking as one who has never been impressed with Mr. Walpole's greatness, the Landscaper found the novel only passably entertaining, and at times pretty tiresome, especially when the author wandered off his pitch to discuss matters not very germane to the story. There are, however, thousands of readers who like Mr. Walpole, and the latest novel bears the strong marks of his personality, although it is not among his major works.

An Anti-Fascist Novel

Among other recent foreign books, Ignazio Silone's *Fontamara* (Smith and Haas, $2.50) is outstanding, a singularly effective tale of a tiny hill village in the south of Italy which held out for the twinkle of an eye against the onrushing tide of Fascism. It is a peasant story by a man who has spent his life fighting for the rights of a class that has suffered severely at the hands of the great Mussolini, and therefore it is partisanly hot with emotion. But it has the authentic ring, and is told with fine skill. The author is now living in exile in Switzerland, where he is the editor of a labor newspaper. His novel has been a best seller in most European countries, although, of course, it is under the Fascist ban.

Other recent American novels include Albert Halper's *The Foundry* (Viking, $2.50), which is the story of an electrotyping plant in Chicago done with great realism and made highly readable, with much humor to give it savor. It is frequently lacking in taste, and also the style is badly in need of pruning, a talented book that could have been better. Mr. Halper needs badly to curb his carelessness in the inept use of metaphor, for one thing. A friend with plenty of blue pencils could be of great service. . . .

Also William Wister Haines's *Slim* (Atlantic Monthly Press–Little, Brown, $2.50), the story of a lineman on high tension systems that is an authentic piece of Americana, written with a great deal of vigor. It was a runner-up to Samuel Rogers's *Dusk at the Grove*, and if it had won the prize would probably have gone a good deal further than the Rogers book because it is less "literary." At any rate, it is a

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good swinging healthy tale, and deserves attention.

A few additions to the non-fiction list that are of outstanding importance: Sacheverell Sitwell's *Liszt* (Houghton Mifflin, $3), one of the year's best biographies; Henry W. Nevinson's *In the Dark Backward* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), a stirringly written adventure in human history, in which the scholarly author takes his departure from some contemporary scene and wanders off into past civilizations, the feat being done with invariable charm; Captain Henry Landau's *All's Fair: The Story of the British Secret Service Behind the German Lines* (Putnam, $2.50), one of the best of the spy books; and Aladar Kuncz's *Black Monastery* (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), a book about the life of an internment camp during the World War, an exceptionally well done and interesting account of what happens when a group of men is forced to live under unusual conditions.

Good Animal Books

The past few weeks have been unusually heavy in the way of new publications even for this season of the year and with all his agility the Landscaper has not been able to cover the peaks and valleys fully. He bows himself out with a strong recommendation for two animal books, R. W. Thompson's *Wild Animal Man: The Story of Reuben Castang* (Morrow, $2.50) and Courtney Riley Cooper's *Boss Elephant: The Story of Old Mom* (Little, Brown, $2). Mr. Castang has tamed all kinds of beasts, including grown chimpanzees, and is a remarkable man on many counts, worth reading about; and Old Mom is one of the most fascinating elephants the Landscaper has ever encountered.

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